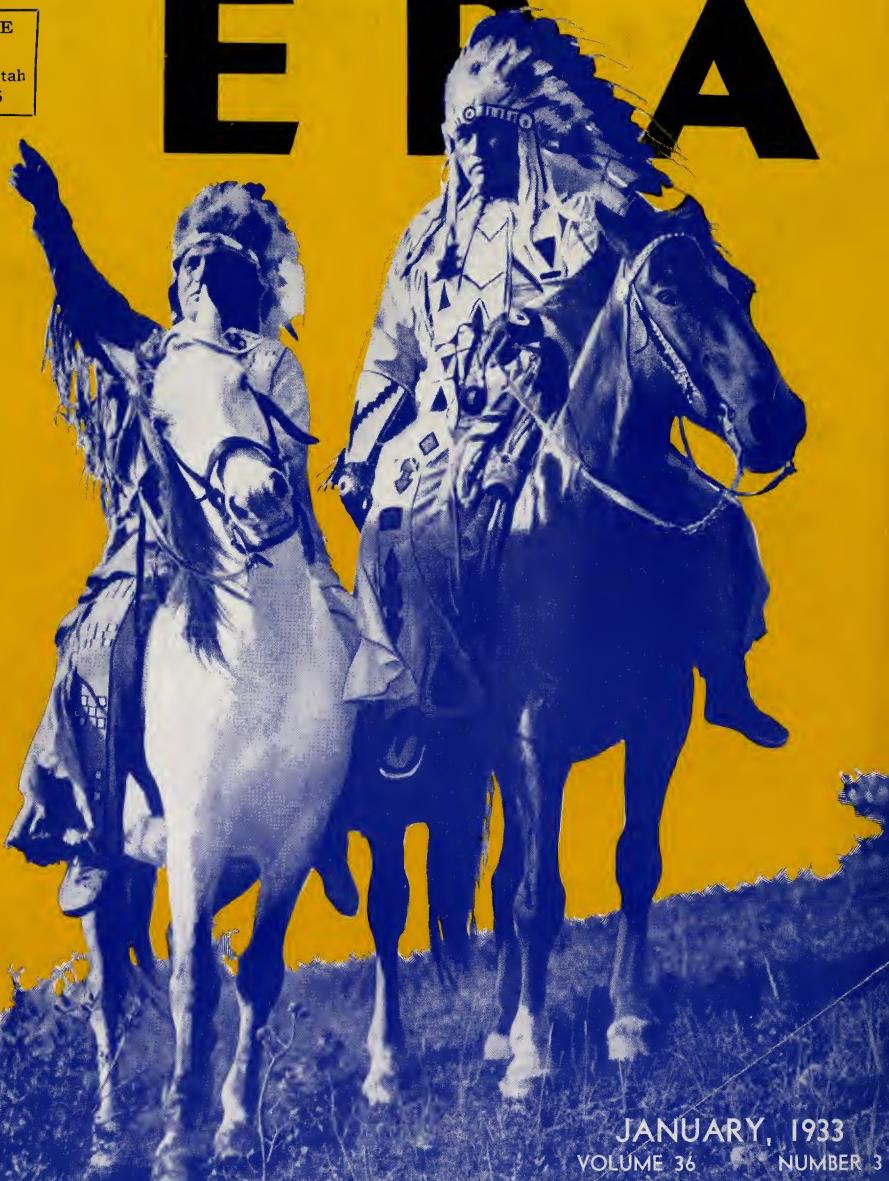


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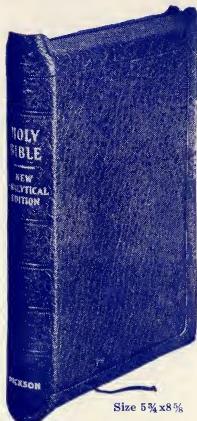
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I am really "sold" on the value of this new production of the Bible and the helps to the study and the understanding of it; I think it would be of high value to the people. Its sentiments not only of the Bible, but of the "new dispensation of the Gospel" for which our Church stands.

(Signed) **B. H. ROBERTS**
First Council of Seventy
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints.

The New Analytical Bible is one of the most helpful editions I have ever used. It will be especially valuable to the somber-minded student. Its new system of numbered helps that this edition provides is a way of pronunciation of Bible terms and proper names, convenient arrangement of references, introductory explanation of each book, and other features not usually included by editors and publishers.

(Signed) **MILTON BENNION**
Dean of School of Education
University of Utah.

The New Analytical Bible is a most excellent Book. It seems to me to contain everything which should be found in a complete Bible.

When I first examined it and discovered one by one its many commendable features—its aids to pronouncing its new system of numbered helps, its Index and Digest, its Complete Concordance, topical notes and outlines, etc., there continually arose in my mind the lines about the teacher in the "Deserted Village": "And still they gazed, and still the wretches gazed, that one small head should carry all they knew."

This thought, paraphrased expresses my opinion of the New Analytical Indexed Bible. I still wonder how so many facts, so much helpful information, in such a compact form, with its numbered and helpful commentaries can be bound in one conveniently sized legibly printed volume!

(Signed) **DAVID O. MCKAY**
Council of the Twelve
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints.

The New Analytical Bible is a real contribution to Bible students, especially to teachers and preachers. It will also be of great assistance to the busy reader. I shall find it of great assistance to me.

(Signed) **MELVIN J. BALLARD**
Council of the Twelve
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints

We like the New Analytical Bible very much. It has many helps and suggestions to teachers that are not to be found in any system of teacher's Bibles with which I am acquainted.

The historical outlines, the completeness of the Index, the insertion of directions from the American Bible, the method of placing references following all the verses, are particularly interesting and particularly interesting and helpful. It is two Bibles in one (the Authorized and the American Versions); also a Biblical commentary.

We think that our seminary teachers will be much interested in this volume.

(Signed) **JOSEPH F. MERRILL**
Commissioner, Department of
Education
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints.

I have made a careful examination of the New Analytical Bible. In the several tests I have made by looking up particular subjects and points, I have found the supplementary matter to be reliable. The book can be recommended to students and to Bible readers generally.

This new form, presenting as it does so much valuable material arranged and placed so as to be found where it is needed in connection with the text itself, must prove to be a genuine help to study.

The change in preceding the individual books cannot fail to be appreciated by all who use this Bible.

The unique way in which the references are placed after the verses, thus dispensing with superfluous letters and figures in the text and the general column or marginal column of references, is a splendid feature.

(Signed) **JAMES E. TALMAGE**
Council of the Twelve
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints

The Improvement ERA

Volume 6, No. 3
JANUARY, 1933

Heber J. Grant, Editor
Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor
Elsie Talmage Brandley, Asso. Editor

*Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education*

FORECAST

WHAT Will You Do With Your Leisure?" This question is propounded and answered in two articles contributed upon request by two of America's outstanding authorities on the subject—Dr. J. B. Nash, professor of Education, New York University, and Professor Eugene L. Roberts, director of professional training, men's physical education, University of Southern California. Dr. Nash discusses general trends; Professor Roberts church trends.

EVEN the universe is undergoing change from day to day. In an interesting article by Sir James Jeans as given to Walter Raleigh, the story of "An Evolving Universe" is briefly told. The article is strikingly illustrated.

SINCE hundreds of Latter-day Saint boys and girls of the inter-mountain region are studying at one or the other of the twelve institutions which go to make up the Rocky Mountain Faculty Athletic Conference, an article telling of the ideals of the conference written by Dr. R. J. Gilmore, secretary, will be a feature next month.

IN addition to the articles mentioned there will be a number of shorter pieces and some unusually interesting stories.

THE COVER

THE cover this month is self-explanatory. It is the photograph of two unusually fine looking Indians dressed in their war regalia.

For Every Member of the Family

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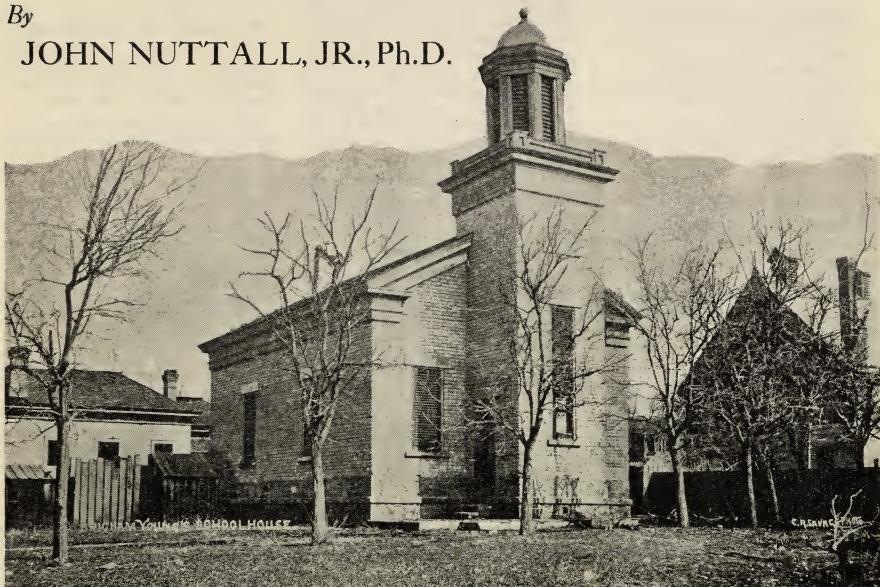
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SOME MODERN TRENDS IN *Education*

By

JOHN NUTTALL, JR., Ph.D.



THREE is a challenge in every expression of the man who would again live his yesterdays. The difficulty of meeting issues and living in a new world is often somewhat overwhelming. There is no chance of going back, however. Once in a while a person is able to remain in the wake of progress for a short time. An example of this was found recently in a fifth avenue mansion in New York in which the inhabitants had kept out electric lights, telephones, modern beauty of furnishings and conveniences of equipment and had lived in the spirit and form of the "good old days." Death opened the doors and let in the light which illuminated the contrast. There were expressions only of sympathy for those who had tried to remain

Brigham Young's School House. It once stood near the Eagle Gate. It was one of the early school houses of the state.

back in the so-called unprogressive days.

The difficulties of adapting to a new world have led us to increase our facilities for training to meet the changes that come. Modern education has attempted to solve its greater problem thus imposed. When society was simple and relatively static, training the young was an easy task because the aims were clearly formulated and the machinery could be set up in a somewhat fixed form. Now the world changes in brief periods. Economic systems evolve and modify the methods of making a living. The invention of a new ma-

chine makes useless the skilled trades of the day before. Changed ethical ideals and occupational requirements move the influence of the home and church into relatively different places. The church has fostered educational institutions and has maintained a wide program of instruction in its religious groups so that its influence can meet these changed conditions as they come. Art moves out from the cloister of the cathedral to the open spaces in nature and to the portrayal of the beauties of the human form. Books are written on every subject and in every form. Recreation has become a means of exploitation for commercial profit. Laws restrict some types of personal behavior but not others. The good people can no longer remain

passively inactive but must choose a line of activity and do something. Health is a means to joy and efficiency. Youth must meet these changes. To make it possible for him to do so the institutions which train him must have programs which point the way to him, and teachers who vision the path that youth must follow.

An anonymous clipping has come down to us as follows:

Greeting his pupils, the master asked:
What would you learn of me?
And the reply came:
How shall we care for our bodies?
How shall we rear our children?
How shall we work together?
How shall we live with our fellowmen?
How shall we play?
For what ends shall we live?—
And the teacher pondered these words,
and sorrow was in his heart, for his own
learning touched not these things.

MODERN education not only thus faces a program of broader aims but also the insistence that results be measured in terms of the new values. In a recent study of about one hundred books by American scholars in the fields of social sciences it was found that every one of these scholars put the practical solution of the economic, political, sociological or ethical problems up to the public schools. Professor Todd in his "Theories of Social Progress" points out that every factor and agency of social progress is amenable to educational predetermination. The first and most important trend in modern education may be said to be a broad aim, not restricted to academic success alone, and a measure of education in terms of powers and appreciations required for the new responses in this changing world.

These aims are variously stated. The committee on the reorganization of Secondary Education reported a decade ago the following list: health, worthy home membership, citizenship, moral character, worthy use of leisure, vocational efficiency, command of the fundamental processes. A more general statement from a non-professional source is the following:

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had.—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

The modern progressive school accepts the broader aims seriously.

Those who do accept them and adjust their program are turning out a product more nearly able to cope with life. The measure of school success changes with the aim and the traditional school failure is passing. No teacher who visions the breadth of her modern purpose condemns a child because of his inability to do arithmetic or see clearly a grammatical definition. With a program in these subjects based on measured pupil ability the modern teacher keeps the child progressing as rapidly as possible in these lines and in addition builds a life that is to be loyal, self-supporting and happy. That success is coming in this aim of broader living is shown by recent studies consisting of follow-up records of children after they leave school. Let me refer briefly to a study of 4000 children. I give you the results of those who did poorly in regular school work in one of our large cities.

Pupils dull in school are not as a rule unsuccessful in industry according to the standards of their social class. One hundred and fifty-one of the 175 special-class boys were working and either paying board, giving all their earnings to their families, or supporting families of their own; only 24 were being supported by their families—not a bad record for boys definitely subnormal.

The junior high school withdrawals were far more successful in industry than they had been in school. Their median wage was \$18.16 a week and 35 per cent of them were getting over \$20.00 a week.

Dr. L. John Nuttall, Jr., is superintendent of the Salt Lake City Schools. His experience in the field of education covers nearly every phase of it, as he has been grade school teacher, principal, county superintendent, Dean of the College of Education at Brigham Young University, Director of the Training School at the University of Utah, and now superintendent of the largest public school unit in the state. He is a graduate from Columbia University where he received his Ph. D. degree.

More than one-third had stayed on the same job a year or longer; 74.1 per cent had worked for the same employer three years. They were doing work necessary to the world and their occupations were of the same if not of the higher social status than those of their fathers.

Good articulation between the school and industry requires that we give more care to suitable education for the thousands of young people who do not progress from the junior high school to the senior high school, but from the junior high school to community living.—(From *School Life*, April, 1931, p. 149.)

TO parents the modern school sends an appeal for a change in standards. The first statement of this plea is in the words of Eugene Randolph Smith. He says:

Many schools are prevented from making such changes by the fear that parents will object. To most parents the success of their children is, rightly enough, their greatest happiness. The only mistake many make is in living for the passing moment rather than planning for the future. It is such parents who start their children in school a little younger than the common, who push them a little faster, who pore over their marks and torture both children and teachers by attempts to force their helpless offspring beyond the capacity with which they are endowed.—(From Eugene Randolph Smith, "Education Moves Ahead.")

The second expression of this request for understanding is a story related by Commissioner Butterfield of the Connecticut schools. He gives it as a criticism of the old time one-aim teacher and as an illustration of the attitude that an understanding parent should take.

"My husband is out in the car," she said. "He is too ashamed to come in and I don't know how to tell you this, but we have a boy of thirteen and he is dull. He studies every night, but he doesn't do well in any of his classes, and the superintendent thinks he should repeat the seventh grade. His cards have always been poor though the teachers have helped him after school. At first he didn't care but now he is older and he feels bad to be different from his schoolmates. His teacher has written to me that I am not to expect too much of Ralph as he is doing as well as one of his ability can do. She has tested his intelligence and finds it is only ninety percent. I know that my husband is bright but I am afraid I am feeble-minded and have never known it before."

Then I began to question her about Ralph and she told me another story. He was neat and kept himself clean and his room picked up. He was never saucy to his parents, he always did the dishes when his mother had a headache. He was a good singer and played well on his saxophone. He read the *American Boy* each week and kept the family and neighborhood radios in repair. He was keenly interested in his garden. He planted it and took entire charge. At a roadside stand, and to a route of regular customers, he had sold \$23.15 worth of beets, cucumbers, lettuce, and string beans. This money,

except for Christmas presents to his parents, he had in the bank. He had spent a happy two-weeks' vacation with an uncle who is a big hen farmer and now Ralph has a vocation in sight.

Then I said to my visitor, "You are entirely mistaken in thinking Ralph is dull. You have a bright boy and should be both proud and happy. He is school *dull* but he is home *bright, saving bright*. For the social advantage and for his own mature satisfaction, you should keep him at school until high-school graduation but let him choose, as far as possible, subjects which do not abound in words and definitions. Be patient and endure the penance of these years. Keep the home and music and garden as now but add the *heats*, and know that when once he graduates he will never be dull again." It is probable that he will be a good business man, an effective producer, and a reliable citizen. He will choose a wife with discrimination and make her happy."

THERE are several phases of the actual modifications of school practice found in these adjustments to the broader aim of school work. Three of these are discussed in this paper:

1. The increased respect for the individuality of each child.
2. The elimination of the competitive motive for learning.
3. The increase of pupil activity in the learning process.

Various terms, "the lockstep," "mass production," etc., are used in describing the uniformity of the past and in demanding a revision in terms of what children really are—human beings, each with an individual life to live and an individual contribution to make. The following are expressions of the new ideal:

Spirituality with its faith, its hope, its charity, can be increased by each individual's effort. And in proportion as each individual increases his own store of spirituality, in that proportion increases the idealism of democracy.—(C. R. Mann: Edu. Record, July, 1929.)

The individual is too precious to be sacrificed to the mass. He should be surrounded by those opportunities for diversity of interest, of occupation, and expression that will invite and encourage him to make the best possible use of his talents. —(Nicholas Murray Butler, Annual Report of Columbia University, 1928.)

Every human being not pathological or thwarted has in him something that appeals: an engaging quality that can be discovered, evoked. The mere recognition of this quality lifts him into significance.—(Henry Chester Tracy.)

It (popular education) should enable every child or youth—regardless of his gifts or limitations—to rise to the very height of his capabilities and endowments, and then to become a citizen of power in the service of the commonwealth.—(John Edgar Pack, Department of Sept., 1928.)

Occasionally critics of public education build men-of-straw to beat down but in so doing really express ideas that are inherent in

the modern program. The following quotation from the Chattanooga Times (School Executives Magazine, Sept., 1931) serves as a text for an analysis of educational progress:

A \$10,000 education—A 50-cent boy:

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

B. F. LARSON'S, "Washwomen in Spain," used as a frontispiece for the January, 1933, *Improvement Era*, is a telling exposition of an awakened conception of the fundamental principles of art. This characteristic painting with a full hundred other pictures was produced by Larson during a recent sojourn for study of 16 months in the old world. One need but visit the galleries where these water colors and oils are hung to witness with what remarkable enthusiasm this painter recorded his impressions of the ancient piles—the old churches, the ruins of the old castles, and the quaint old streets of Spain and France; then, too, will be seen the even more picturesque arched streets and lanes and courts, with their moving cavalades of Moorish figures, mules, and camels, met and transferred to his canvas or paper in the byways of Morocco and Alaiers.

Composition, Larson discovered, lurked amid these scenes bordering the Mediterranean. To him the charm of personality appeared in every scene. What was French, what Spanish, what Moorish lost nothing of its nationality from Larson's brush.

What is the secret of his striking picture, "Washerwomen in Spain"? With a sure and subtle hand he accomplished, almost entirely with masterful drawing and passion for form, the personality of washwomen as kneeling on the green bank they pounded their daily wash on the stones in the running stream.

A modern trend began to envelop each of Larson's pictures. He was acquiring technique without seeking its aid. A large "Moonlight on Castle Walls" emerged, a plaster condition; one feels the plastered walls, the figure and its shadow, the shadow on the grass, the shadow on the walls, space and material, and all enveloped in the moonlight. Besides the quality of materials, the whole picture is filled with fine emotion.

Other large paintings of this period which partake more or less of these stated characteristics are "Travelers in Spain" and "Tall Trees in Spain." However, he is seen to great advantage in a series of forty-five water colors painted directly from nature haunts with clean, fresh color. They teem with life and, I was about to add, with nationality.

An unusual highly artistic quality possessed by Larson is that each painting holds one lovely touch of color not seen in any of his other paintings and each, of course, comes from an active searching for color. Those who paint color must first see and enjoy color.

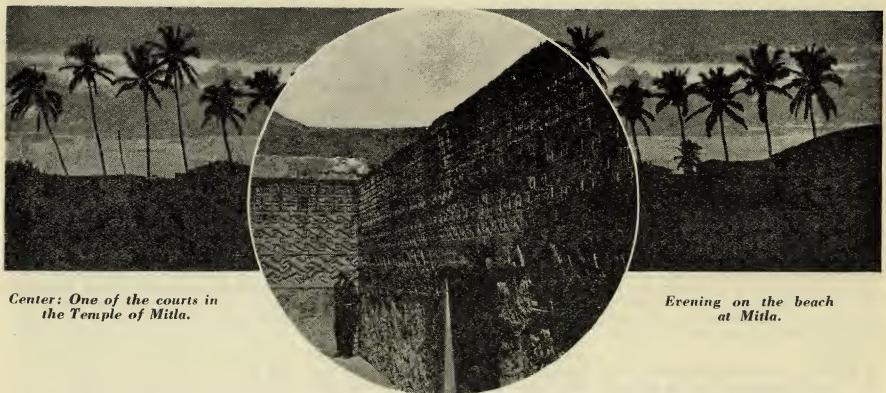
B. F. Larson is of pioneer descent. He came up through tribulation; nothing can stay his hand. He is winning honors at home, in the East, and abroad.

There is no question as to whether the American people look upon education as desirable. The Public no longer looks upon education as something to be desired, sought after, and worked for; it looks upon education as something to be bestowed, even forced upon boys and girls. The main thing seems to be to see that everybody gets an education.

The boys and girls of college age will be the citizens of tomorrow and the public school children will be the citizens of day after tomorrow. They must be educated. And a very efficient organization of school people see to it that the public enthusiasm for "enlightenment" does not wane and that plenty of school jobs are provided through elaboration of administrative and supervisory organization and through the promotion of new courses of study. It is not surprising that in the development and operation of an educational system under such conditions there should be enormous waste of time, effort, and money. But it will be surprising if this waste is permitted to continue at its present rate. American people are too sensible not to perceive it and check it. There is encouraging growth of recognition of the fact that not all children are mentally equipped to receive the same kind of training or to be trained at the same rate. Some are beginning to realize that it would be better for the public schools not to try to teach everything. And here and there is an individual who appreciates the fact that, as Dr. David Starr Jordan said, there is "no use loading a \$10,000 education on a 50-cent boy."

MODERN education does not believe there are any 50-cent boys." There are boys who are different in ability and interests. There are boys who will produce different amounts of wealth or service to others. There are boys who will achieve in complex fields of intellectual endeavors which may bring them large incomes; there are boys who will perform simple tasks for meager wages. Modern education recognizes these differences, does not give all of them the "same kind of training" or train them at the "same rate." But modern education insists that each boy is significant and that the community should train him. Educators recognize the fact "that children are unlike and are going by divergent paths to occupations honorable but dissimilar." (Butterfield) Some of the practical changes in the present educational trends are:

1. Common opportunities for all in the social and recreational activities of the school with schoolmates of the same social maturity.
2. Differentiated curricula so that school progress is assured of without the pressure of mastery by all pupils of the college preparatory subjects.
3. Differentiated assignments
(Continued on page 170)



Center: One of the courts in the Temple of Mitla.

Evening on the beach at Mitla.

Cities of Ancient Mexico MITLA AND MONTE ALBAN

RUIINS of ancient civilizations are found almost all over Mexico just as one finds people now living in practically every part of the United States. In the same way that our present population is concentrated in a few densely settled areas, so one discovers that the great ruins of former dwellers in Mexico are to be found in a few favored sections. In previous articles in the *Era* we have discussed two of these areas: one in the high valley of Mexico in the vicinity of the capital city, and the other in the low tropical forested area of Yucatan.

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

President of Brigham Young University

A third great zone of ancient civilization will be discussed in this article. It is situated about two hundred and fifty miles southeast of Mexico City and about six hundred miles southwest of Yucatan. It is in the state of Oaxaca, (pronounced O-a-hawk-a) and is just west of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and almost directly south

Large carved lintels at temple in Mitla. We estimated that one of these stones weighed 29 tons.

from the city of Vera Cruz.

In some respects this is the most interesting section from an archaeological point of view of any place yet discovered in the Americas. Much of this interest results from the fact that right now unusual discoveries are coming to light and almost daily valuable relics are being unearthed.

I went pretty thoroughly over these ruins just two years ago (December, 1930) and yet since that time what are said to be the most valuable relics ever found in America have been unearthed at Monte Alban out of mounds which, at



that time looked as monotonous as stacks of hay. It is difficult to place a monetary value on some of these relics and yet if we consider only the metallic value of the gold and silver found in one tomb it would run into six figures.

THE recent excavations at Monte Alban are said to compare in value with materials yielded by the tomb of King Tutankhamen in Egypt which was discovered in the memory of all of us. I visited the tomb of King "Tut" in 1927 and after seeing the fabulous wealth of materials still remaining in the tomb and that which had been removed to the museum at Cairo I wondered if ever again there would be another such discovery; but after reading Doctor Alfonso Caso's description of what he has obtained from Tomb No. 7 in the Monte Alban group I realize that the New World has matched the old. The personal interest is greater from the fact that it was on this very mound that President Rey L. Pratt and I were standing when the film on my camera caught and I lost all the pictures I had taken of the place. If I had known that it was to be so famous in so short

Market scene in Oaxaca where roasted grasshoppers are sold.



Mazatlan

By REY L. PRATT
Former President of the Mexican Mission

WHERE the waves 'gainst rocky ramparts,

Dash with ceaseless ebb and flow;
Where the sky is blue as turquoise,
Where the rarest flowers grow;
Where all nature's benediction
Calms the heart and soul of man,
Breathing peace and love and romance,
Nestles quaint old Mazatlan.

Built on granite of the ages,
Firm, thick-walled her houses grand;
Near to shore, like sent'ns guarding,
Rock-ribbed islands marshalled stand.
Back to East, all verdure covered,
Far as eye of man can scan,
Stand the mighty Sierra Madres
Keeping watch o'er Mazatlan.

Mellowed by the hand of ages,
Sky and land and ocean meet,
Where a charm, beyond description,
Makes of life a thing complete;
Let me wander back unfettered
Where men live near nature's plan,
Let me pass my life just living
Back in dear old Mazatlan.

a time, I would have been more careful.

The high valley of Oaxaca where Mitla and Monte Alban are located is one of the most ideal places to live that can be found anywhere. This is doubtless one of the reasons why important ancient civilizations developed there. It may be compared with any of our larger Utah valleys in size and appearance. It is completely surrounded by mountains and is very difficult to reach. The railroad running south from the city of Mexico is the only way to get there. This drops down rather suddenly from the high plateaus and passes through low tropical valleys where bananas, oranges, grapefruit, mangoes and papayas thrive even in winter. It then winds its way up crooked streams and over a ridge more than six thousand feet high before descending into the valley which is itself five thousand feet in elevation.

The climate here is almost ideal: it is said to vary only about thirteen degrees between summer and winter. None of the houses have stoves for heating. As President Pratt and I would sit in the park early in the morning, in the middle of the day

(Continued on page 171)

Modern Pottery bearing designs taken from temples of Mitla.



The Valley of Pea



Here is a romance of ancient America, the scene laid in the pleasant valleys of South or Central America, the characters members of those two ancient peoples — the Lamanites and the Nephites. The author is a product of Southern Utah, and a former student of the Branch Agricultural College, Cedar City. She now is married and living in Orderville.

LEMUEL'S wife stood in the doorway of her tent peering anxiously through the fast deepening twilight, looking down the valley to the south, where the river ran, silent and deep.

That was the direction he had taken, Ishmael, her first-born—was it only this morning? It seemed so many mornings ago that she saw him standing by the campfire, tall and straight and defiant—hot, tempestuous words coming from lips that were so young, so tender.

It had been a miserable scene, a repetition of many such scenes; the father authoritative, critical.

By

Amy Carroll Stark



*"I'll show you
tonight who is master
here, whose word is law!"*

even threatening at times; the boy stubborn and defiant.

She wished Ishmael would not talk back to his father as he did. Not but that the boy was right in many of the things he said, but it angered Lemuel so to have his word disputed. He was getting worse about it as time went on, hard and sullen, almost desperate at times, more like Laman, his elder brother. It used to be after scenes like the one this morning, that Lemuel would come to her, humbled and repentant, knowing that she was the one who had suffered most keenly.

SHE sighed deeply, for she was weary with thinking, with remembering. Unnumbered times she had wondered, as she was won-

dering this morning, why her father had been persuaded to leave Jerusalem, with all the wealth and comfort it held for them, to follow Lehi into the desert on the uncertain strength of dreams and visions.

But there was really something uncanny about Lehi's power over people. His words were gentle and kind, but they possessed an unusual strength and power, that at times made one quake and tremble with fear, and one dared not obey.

And Nephi, his son, was like him, even more gentle and persuasive, yet his reproof cut like a two-edged sword. Too well she knew about that, for had not four of Ishmael's daughters married Lehi's four sons, and had there not been repeated occasions for trouble and dissension? And Nephi, the younger son, had dominated them all, insisted on having his own way. Even when they bound him and threatened his life, he had persisted in his determination, his purpose, his leadership. However, it may

have been that his strength was due to the power of God manifested through him. He always said it was, and really, it was something they could not resist.

Eight years they had journeyed in the wilderness; long, tedious years, intensified by the pangs of hunger, the fierce heat of the tropical sun, the scorching winds, the desert's burning sands. And they had left a grave by the way, her father's. He had not lived to reach the land that Lehi said the Lord had promised them. It was to be a land choice above all others. So many dreams are unfulfilled.

Babie had come to them, too, tiny and helpless, but oh, so sweet. Ishmael was born in the wilderness and his brothers, too, Seth and Joel. The journey was not so hard then, for there was the children's need of her.

THEY had found the promised land waiting for them, abundantly rich in wild game and fruits and honey, unlimited in natural resources.

For a short season they had prospered, and life had seemed wonderful. But the old troubles would assert themselves with recurring frequency—and then came the separation.

She had often wished that Nephi and his company had not left them. While it was rather humiliating for Laman and Lemuel, the eldest of Lehi's sons, to submit to the leadership of Nephi, their younger brother, still in those days there had been periods of peace; a comforting peace, a rare quality of peace which they never felt now.

And that was what was the matter of Ishmael. He had not forgotten the time when Lehi's children were all together. Some of his most intimate playmates, his closest friends, had been the children of Nephi and Sam and Zoram. After the separation he had bothered his father with questions. "Father, why don't we gather for prayers at eventide now, as we did when Nephi was with us?" or "Father, aren't we going to plant grain this season as we did when Nephi was here?" or "Nephi told me this was the best way to string a bow."

"He didn't tell us to follow Nephi; he told us to follow God."

his father would cut in irritatingly.

"It is all the same," the boy would persist, "for Nephi follows God!"

MISTS gathered in the dark, brown eyes of Mira, as coming back from her reverie, she searchingly scanned the valley again. Somewhere in its somber depths was her boy — her first-born. Or had he gone to the forest. Surely he wouldn't go there, at night, with the wild beasts hungry and ferocious.



"Mother!" The voice startled her, it was so near. She turned and saw him standing at the corner of the tent, young and straight and tall. He had come by way of the low western hills, and not through the valley—the direction in which he had disappeared.

"Is father here?" he inquired, his tone low and deep.

"He is at Laman's now. They are arranging for a hunt tomorrow. But you are hungry; come and eat—there is some roast left, and berries."

She placed her hand tenderly on his arm, but his dark thoughts were far from a mother's solicitous love. They were of a father's sullen tyranny.

"Ishmael, when your father comes tonight, don't say anything. He has scarcely spoken all day, and then only chidingly to the children."

"I'm not afraid! I'm not a child any more. He doesn't have to tell me what to think and what to say, and what not to say." The boy's brow darkened.

"I know, Ishmael, but not tonight. He is in no condition to control himself. He and Laman have been recalling their past grievances, and have been drinking too freely."

"It becomes more unbearable all the time," the lad interposed. "Idleness, fault finding, bickerings and quarrels! If it were not for you, mother, I'd leave it all. I would find me a little valley—

"Kim said you didn't even miss me—didn't inquire once. . . ."

plant fields and gardens, shrubs and flowers; I'd make friends with the animals, and tame them as Nephi did—as we used to do."

"But Ishmael, you couldn't do that. It would be unbearably lonesome to live alone, no one to talk to, no one to work for. Life's greatest joy comes from mingling and sharing with others."

"And greatest sorrows, too," the boy interposed dejectedly.

"You are young to say that." Mira's eyes were sad.

"Perhaps I could find some one to share it with me, to have the campfire lighted when I returned from my labors, or the hunt," and he smiled whimsically.

"You mean Isabel?" the mother questioned eagerly.

"No, not Isabel."

"Kara?"

"Not Kara, and not Mary. I could never go home eagerly, happily, to one of them."

"Ishmael, you cannot possibly be thinking of Zona, after so long a time? Why, she was a mere child when she left with Nephi's company."

"I was a mere boy, too, and see how I have grown, I dream of her often, and my heart is always made happy. I would search until I found her, mother, but you hold me back; not with your hands. I am too strong for them, but with your heart," and the boy looked at her tenderly. "But even without Zona, without anyone, I could be happier in my dream valley than I am here."

"It is a dream, Ishmael; but don't ever follow its lure. If you should go, there would be no one for me to talk to, no one to understand."

"Mother, it has been hard for you, too." The boy's tones softened. "How bravely you have borne it!" (Continued on page 186)

Ruins of Yucatan at the World's Fair

By KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

This writer from Minneapolis writes interestingly of the ruins of Mexico and of their reproduction at the World's Fair. For Latter-day Saints there will probably be no more interesting section than that dealing with ancient American ruins.

WHEN in 1933 visitors at the Chicago Century of Progress wander through the anthropological section they will see a replica of the Nunnery of Uxmal in Northern Yucatan. These ruins, remnants of temples, palaces and homes of nobles lie largely covered by dense vegetation but they were recently visited by the Tulane University Expedition under Dr. Frans Blom who was instrumental in making a true reproduction and reconstruction of these historic structures. These ruins were built a thousand or more years ago of stone and were designed by skilled architects under whom worked slaves who carried endless loads of dirt up steep inclines. The ruins of Uxmal probably date back to the time when men had no metal tools, no beasts of burden and no machinery. Among them is an imposing group of buildings enclosing a large courtyard called the Nunnery because according to the records of the early Spanish friars who visited this section it was occupied by maidens, like the vestal maidens of Rome, who tended sacred fires. The great quadrangle of the Nunnery and a nearby Pyramid of the Magician, Uxmal's crowning achievements, will be reproduced at Chicago exactly as they stood when these historic piles reared their

heights one hundred and four feet above the jungles of Yucatan.

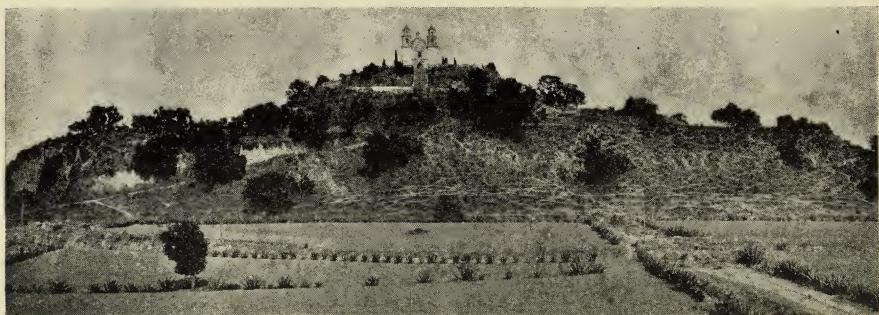
When the Tulane University Expedition was instructed by officials of the coming Chicago Fair to select some design for the anthropological building that would typify genuine early American architecture their choice fell on these ruins because they were built by the Mayas who were among the foremost of civilized people on this continent. Members of the Tulane Expedition lived in these ruins, took photographs of them, studied them and made notes and measurements for nearly four months. Every inch was measured by engineers and architects and hundreds of plaster casts were made of sculptured details. About a hundred casts were made from the decorations found among the ruins, the subjects including representations of birds, beasts, feathered snakes, turtles and human faces and figures. The ornate facades with decorations showing the intertwining bodies of the feathered serpent, god Kukulcan, as he was called by the Maya were carefully studied and measured and casts made so exact reproductions will be seen in Chicago.

THE result is that the Nunnery Quadrangle to be erected on the shores of Lake Michigan in



Ancient Mexican War God. Remarkable statue, probably Mayan or Toltec. It is 10 ft. high, three feet in diameter and has two faces.

1933 will look exactly like the original when it was an outstanding example of the work done by the early civilization of America. Present day architects will copy buildings, color and decorations and the structure will be the piece de resistance in the anthropological exhibit which will overlook the lake to the south of the replica of old Fort Dearborn. Visitors will be able to look at and speculate about this replica of ancient ruins. Most of the ruins in Yucatan have barely been touched for dense jungles make explorations difficult. Chicle gatherers—chicle is used in chewing gum—first reported the buried cities that lie in dense forests. Dr. Gamio, a scientist of Mexico, besides exploring himself, welcomes investigations by outsiders and as carved rocks and figurines are unearthed in various parts of Yucatan and Mexico they are sent to the National Museum



in Mexico City, one of the best of its kind in the world. But comparatively few persons can see the original ancient ruins or the exhibits in Mexico City so a replica of the ruins of Uxmal will enable them to visualize the work of the Mayas.

Though most of the ruins on the coast of Yucatan have barely been touched because the dense jungles make exploration difficult work has been going on at Chichen-Itza as well as Uxmal where some remarkable statues were found and shipped to the Museum in Mexico City and there are remains of temples and houses a few of which have been unearthed. The most accessible ruins in Mexico are the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon near Mexico City, which are being carefully explored and masks and small pieces of pottery are sent as soon as found to the National Museum in Mexico City. The ruins where the work is done are protected by an iron roof or cover and great caution is exercised that no "finds" shall be broken, stolen or lost. A strange stairway ornamented with heads of snakes and feathered serpents has been discovered near one of the pyramids and it forms a mound which was apparently built by adding one tier of dirt over another. It is interesting to note that these early builders evidently had a knowledge of the earth which we have recently discovered and in some ruins are stones engraved in such a manner as to indicate the builders understood astronomy and had a system of time similar to ours.

The Pyramid of Cholula, Mexico.

HOW the walls were laid, how mosaics were engraved, how stones were quarried and brought long distances are interesting speculations. No one knows and even the Indians who live nearby say they cannot guess. The ruins of Mitla near Oaxaca are some of the most interesting of Mexico's prehistoric cities. The late President Diaz played as a boy among these ruins and there is just a chance that his ancestors helped to erect the Mitla compound. But these speci-



Sacrificial stone in National Museum, Mexico City. In Aztec days victims were sacrificed on this stone and the blood ran off in the groove.

mens of early architecture were raised so far back no one can guess who built them. Today, at Mitla, one gazes on chiseled columns of magnitude and magnificence and is lost in amazement and speculation runs rife. Who carried these heavy and crumbling stones to this place? Who carved these intricate mosaics? Who raised these monoliths? The Indians around say they have always been there and their ancestors had no traditions regard-

ing them. Fray Martin de Valencia saw them in 1533 and they are mentioned in old Spanish chronicles but so far no one has ascertained their date or solved their mysteries, though excavations are going on under government supervision. Were these walls part of a large city that flourished and declined? Was part of these ruins the palace of a king? Modern excavators call some of the series of chambers "The Hall of the Monoliths," "The Banquet Hall," and "The Corridor of Mosaics." These may or may not be appropriate names but are suggested by the size and arrangement of the ruins. The whole may have been one temple or several public buildings for there are large columns of hewn stone elaborately engraved, there are underground passages and patios. Some of the walls are well enough preserved to give an idea of the type of architecture and it is noted that the doorways are massive and square, there are no arches, and no windows and this seems significant of some of the other ruins of Mexico. The "Hall of the Monolith" is in particular of great interest for its walls are inlaid with mosaics of intricate designs and there are niches as if for statuary.

IT has been suggested that the builders of Mexican pyramids and ruins which we called prehistoric—which are often built on elevations—had a knowledge of the physical geography of the earth that we in our conceit suppose we discovered. Take as an instance

the remarkable pyramid of Cholula, which Cortez found when he landed had a fire continually burning on the top. The Aztecs found this pyramid when they came and we are obliged to guess at its date. Today a growth of wild shrubs and a tangle of deep weeds give it the appearance of a natural mound but it is undoubtedly of very ancient construction and is about a thousand feet square. The material seems to be clay brick and the lines of several terraces are visible. Tradition says that it was here that the god Quetzalcoatl paused in his passage to the coast and taught the Toltecs the art of civilization. The height of the pyramid is one hundred and seventy-seven feet and its base is twice as long as the great pyramid of Cheops in Egypt. On its summit stood a handsome temple in which was the image of a mystic deity waving plumes of fire and pilgrims came to offer their devotions at this shrine. Cortez overthrew this temple and erected a church and ever since there has been a church of some sort here. Today there is a chapel to which are credited many healings of disease. Ignatius Donnelly in one of his novels advanced the theory that this pyramid was the original Tower of Babel but it is easier to accept Prescott's history. Now, as for hundreds and hundreds of years, the wayfarer climbs to the top of this pyramid over a stone stairway that has been the route of religious processions ever since the Spaniards came. It is well worth the ascent for the view from the top is superb. Three snow white volcanoes are in the distance and at the foot of the elevation is the town of Cholula with a church with forty-seven domes. Yet we go to Egypt to see pyramids!

IN many, many places we notice how these ancient people selected elevations to build upon. For instance, just outside of the charming town of Cuernavaca, where Cortez and Maximilian both had summer homes and where many residents of Mexico City enjoy the heated spell, there is a hill with a lizard in stone nearly nine feet long on its top, and not a great distance away is an eagle in stone that measures three feet from tip to tip. More remarkable still about fifteen miles from these specimens of early art are the remains of Xochicalco where are ruins that look like tem-

ples built of stone. One measures seventy-five by sixty-five feet and some archaeologists go so far as to say there are no ruins of such fine workmanship in Egypt or Assyria.

Turning to Yucatan, the two best known and most interesting prehistoric ruins unearthed to date are Chichen-Itza, a holy city of the ancient Mayan race supposed to have been conquered by the Aztecs about two centuries before the Spaniards came, and some of whose treasures repose in the Peabody Museum of Boston, and Uxmal which stands on a plaza flanked by hills. There are strange designs on the excavations of Uxmal known as "The House of the Dwarf" and carved ornaments of leaves and flowers. The ruins are well proportioned and denote that a highly cultured race once lived there. Chichen-Itza has received much attention from excavators who have found many rooms or compounds. One called "The House of the Nuns" consists of many cell-like rooms, the walls showing sculptured serpents, warriors in battle, processions of tigers and kindred subjects. These may turn out to be the handsomest ruins in America. All students of these ruins lay stress on the hieroglyphics for it is possible they contain some key which will assist in translating the ancient writing and solve the riddle of these structures. What is needed is a Rosetta stone. It is theorized that the Aztecs came down from the north and conquered the Mayans who lived in these places and they in turn were overcome by the Spaniards. In their mistaken zeal the order was sent by the Conquistadors to the Indians to bring all their books to Mexico City where they were burnt. So the history of these races, their customs and traditions went up in smoke. There are a few scientists who are hopeful that all records were not destroyed and the searchers of these ruins are on the lookout for some

writing that may aid them. The theory is advanced that possibly some records may have been hidden in the ruins. A short time ago it was announced that rich and valuable objects were found in a deep pool near Chichen-Itza. The story is that when Indians were sacrificed to the gods they were decked with gold and precious stones and sometimes thrown into pools of sacred water. At any rate in a pool supposed to have been used for this purpose were found treasures of gold, beautifully carved statues, masks of turquoise studded with jewels and enameled with precious stones. It is thought that the bodies of the victims moldered and the bones decayed but the ornaments sank to the bottom of the pool. It is reported that negotiations are under way with the Mexican government for an equitable distribution of the articles found.

THE origin of Mayan, Toltec and Aztec culture is one of the great mysteries of the world. Le Plongeon, the great French scientist, thought that the Mayans antedated the Egyptians because he deciphered some hieroglyphics which told how a certain queen fled from what is now Yucatan and made her way to the Nile some tens of thousands years ago. But all scientists do not agree with him though they honor his researches. One fact remains and that is that Mayan symbols are much like Egyptian ones and their pyramids are as remarkable as those of Pharaoh's land. Some day a Rosetta stone may be found which will unravel these mysteries. Some day some expedition may find ruins which will give the story of the land we call America and the people. Slowly expeditions like that of Tulane University are penetrating into fastnesses where once was aboriginal civilization, but it may be years before the secrets of these ruins are revealed. Meanwhile no one without credentials is allowed to investigate or excavate ruins in the country south of us. To solve the problems of ancient races is a serious responsibility only to be undertaken by those skilled in historical interpretation of architecture and by excavators guided by eminent archaeologists. Visitors to the replica of the Uxmal Nunnery in Chicago are, however, at liberty to pursue their investigations further, and to learn from reading the story of these ruins.



An Era of Improvement
Seen in France

The



*Illustrated by
Cecil Smith*

"And in the State Aggie game, he had dropped back . . . to boot a placement over the bar."

*"And then the
doughty quarterback
passed it quickly into
his own waiting hands."*



WENDELL White was a star. Supple of body, sturdy of leg, and fleet of foot, he was the best fullback who ever carried the scarlet and black of Whitney College into scrimmage.

When White came to Whitney, Coach Ellis chuckled. For seven years, the larger, more affluent State University had ground Whitney elevens into the gridiron dust and had made the smaller college like it. With Wendell White's coming, Coach Ellis saw a glimmer of hope for the future. At last, a star had come to Whitney. And what a star!

Confidently, through three football seasons, Whitney watched its star gain lustre. There was nothing on the gridiron that Wendell White could not do. The performance of feats, during the first three years at Whitney, became his business—the business of being a star. Then approached the day for which all Whitney had planned since Wendell White's arrival on the campus—the day when the State University should taste the bitter dregs of defeat. From the first, Wendell White had been pointed for this achievement.

And it was not strange that Whitney had put

Business of Being a Star

By R. D. GALT

Wendell White found that starring on a football team has its dark moments and—its compensations.



absolute faith in the star Scarlet and Black fullback. In the first game of the current season, with but two minutes to go, White had run a Morris College punt the full length of the girdiron to turn certain defeat into victory. Later, against Webster, he had shot the longest forward pass ever hurled at Whitney, to send the visitors home on the short end of the score. And, in the State Aggie game, he had dropped back to the thirty-four yard line, when all else had failed time and again, to boot a placement over the bar for a three to nothing win. Each of these accomplishments added weight to the fullback's shoulders, for once executed, the plays became, according to Whitney's way of thinking, only a part of a star's repertoire, to be reenacted at will.

November daylight was fading, as Wendell White

slumped on the side-lines and eyed the mechanical precision with which the Scarlet and Black eleven ran through signals in the final practice before the U-Whitney game. He was aware of the faith placed in his ability. He could not fail Whitney. Even the cheer leaders had originated a yell using his name.

A FOOTSTEP sounded on the turf. He looked up. Ruby Chansler stood over him. Her lips twisted into a wistful smile as she laid her hand on his shoulder. He looked long at the curving lips and gray eyes without saying a word. Finally, she stooped and squeezed the jerseyed arm in her two hands.

"You'll win for us, won't you?" she asked earnestly. The fullback's lips parted as if to speak and came together silently.



"Wendell White turned to meet Ruby Chansler, as she vaulted the low barrier."

"I know you will!" said Ruby confidently. "The U hasn't a chance!"

"Why do you say that?" asked White quietly, solemnly.

"Whitney has a star!" returned the girl, giving the arm another tug that sent the blood thumping through White's body. "A star is all we need!"

White started to protest, but Ruby shook her head and he refrained.

"The business of being a star!" mumbled Whitney's star, as he stumbled, head down, across the gridiron to the gymnasium. But there was spirit behind the words. Although Wendell White did not realize it fully, the girl, who jammed two tiny fists into her scarlet and black sweater pockets and watched him disappear, had forged the strongest link in the chain that held him fast. He must not fail! He must not fail! She was depending upon him, too!

THE next day dawned still and chill. Not a breath of wind swept across Whitney Field, but there was a nip to the air that numbed inactive fingers. Coach Ellis moved from group to group in the noisy dressing room under the gym. The Scarlet and Black eleven was in the midst of donning mok-skins for the last time that year, and some of them, for the final time in their lives.

"Fifteen minutes more, and it's good night U!" chirped Phil O'Hare, end, to break the silence.

"They think they're good enough to get our full-back before he gets started!" jeered Center King. "I heard one of them say that the old White streak wouldn't get away so lucky in this little set-to! Can you feature that?"

A roar of laughter was sufficient answer.

"They haven't faced you, boy!" confided Half-back Kenny, patting his teammate's knee.

White flushed.

"If I knew which player said that," continued King confidently, "I'd tip you off so you could punch the first touchdown through his position!"

"How many?" asked Tackle Henderson, pausing in front of Whitney's star. White was busy over his shoes.

"As many as I can," responded the fullback calmly. "I'll give my best, fellows, but don't bite off too big a chunk. It's going to be a battle!"

But the enthusiasm of the Scarlet and Black eleven could not be squelched. "Old kill joy!" bellowed Johnnie Lewis, quarterback. "You know you're going to win this game. Why, that bunch couldn't stop you with a machine gun. Nine rabs for Big Bertha, just to show him that we know who is going to win this game."

And the "rabs" boomed to the rafters.

WENDELL WHITE'S face was set in grim lines as he followed his teammates to the sidelines of Whitney Field. Something was weighing him down. Possibly it was the business of being a star!

When the cheering subsided, Coach Ellis gathered his confident squad about him. "Men," he said, throwing his arms about the shoulders of the two nearest, "let's go into this to make up for all those years of defeat! Lots of snap! And remember, the

U is just a trifle worried this trip! Keep them on the defensive, if you can, and toward the end they ought to wobble. Then send White through. Let him punch! Lewis, don't forget! We're ready!"

Sweaters slipped from the Scarlet and Black eleven as if greased. A moment of adjusting helmets followed. One or two strips of tape were wound around fingers. Now and then, a player paused to eye the U line as it formed to run through a few preliminary signals. Quarterback Lewis cuddled the ball in the crook of his arm and waited until every member was set. Then he handed the football to the center and the Whitney line went down. Wendell White crouched and felt a tingle of blood race through his veins. His body quivered; the action of his heart was fast; he could hardly breathe.

Then a signal was given. He saw the ball leave the center's hands, and in an instant, he was carrying it against his body. With the touch of the smooth, pigskin against his nervous fingers, every muscle ceased twitching and he was at once a cool, mechanical machine, ready for action. He forgot the yelling crowd, forgot the opposing team, forgot everything but the business that loomed before him—the business of being a star.

"A little louder," he shouted at Quarterback Lewis' back, as a new signal was given. "Take it easy! No fumbles today! Hit lower on that play, left tackle! I can't go through unless you make some sort of hole! Try it again!"

THE line formed, a brisk mumbling of numbers issued from the quarterback's throat, the ball shot backward, and White met it. The play went through an imaginary foe's line and the Scarlet and Black was ready for the real contest. White dropped back to the sidelines for a bit of whispered advice from Coach Ellis, and the officials appeared upon the gridiron in the meantime. Just as Whitney's fullback turned to go, a messenger thrust a telegram into his hand. Coach Ellis tried to grasp it, but White had the yellow sheet outspread before the coach could interfere.

"Win for us," was the plea from Mother and Dad. Coach Ellis slapped the fullback's shoulder in relief.

"You can't afford to lose, now," he said. "Ruby Chansler is backing you, too, old man. And listen!"

"Watch the White streak go through the U.
Poor old U!
But what can it do?
Can anyone stop a streak of White?"

Wendell White turned his head. The yell continued to float across the chalked gridiron. Whitney's star trotted to his position with set lips.

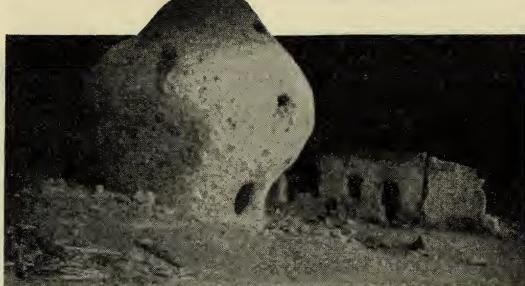
The U kicked off. White became a man of tense muscles, as he waited, far back on the field. The whistle shrieked. Simultaneously a brown oval soared end over end toward the Scarlet and Black eleven. Quarterback Lewis smothered the pigskin in his long arms and the game was on.

FOR the better part, the first half was an even battle between two lines. The ball passed from team to team, through failure to make the necessary yardage in four downs. Both quarterbacks were afraid to call for punts on account of opposing dangerous broken field runners. Wendell White was not asked to participate in the weary (Continued on page 189)



CS.

"The girl . . . approached the silent fullback with an understanding look on her face."



This huge olla is 8 feet high and 8 feet in diameter.

Voices from the Dust

By THEODORE MARTINEAU

FOR many years historians and scholars have wrestled in vain with the problems relating to the origin and early history of the Indian tribes inhabiting this land when first explored by Europeans. And this, too, despite the fact that for more than a century such a history has been within easy reach.

A really broad-minded and honest seeker for Truth will be willing to accept such evidence as may come into his possession, regardless of its origin or from whom it might be received, and it is for such that this article is written.

We have abundant evidence that the country lying to the southward for thousands of miles was once densely populated, and particularly is this true of the state of Chihuahua in northern Mexico.

So dense was the population of the Sierra Madres of that region that every foot of available land must have been intensively cultivated, a fact attested by the numerous terraces of stone built across every ravine or other place where a few feet of soil might be saved from being carried away by erosion. Where irrigation was necessary canals were built with as perfect a gradient as would be possible by our best engineers and the roads and trails which they laid out through the rugged mountains showed a skill which bespeaks a high order of intelligence.

Who were these people and whence did they come?

According to the Nephite record the Gadianton Robbers made these mountain fastnesses their strongholds about the beginning of the Christian Era, (3 Nephi 1-27, also 2-17), and vast numbers of them lived there at times until the wild game upon which they subsisted became scarce.

They raided the flocks and herds of their enemies, and at times, it seems reasonable to suppose, they doubtless tilled the soil of their upland valleys.

THAT this people lived in a state of almost constant warfare admits of but little doubt for every cave dwelling was built with the purpose in view of furnishing security for its inhabitants, and every commanding hill or peak was fortified to serve either as a stronghold or as a point of observation. One stone fort near the Largo Valley is almost one thousand feet in length by about one-third of that in width, with at least three parallel walls inclosing the inner works. The spring from which they obtained their water is some distance down the hill and in order to procure this necessity with safety they built zigzag passages down the hill in such a manner that the water carrier was quite safe from the spears and arrows of an enemy.

In almost every one of the hundreds of cave dwellings visited by the writer during his more than

forty years of residence in Arizona and Chihuahua, adequate protection for the inmates has been the prime object of the builders. Port holes are so arranged as to command the approach, which in many instances is but a leaning pole with notches cut for footholds, or else it is a narrow pathway hewn out of the solid cliff walls.

The doors are, as a rule, about two feet wide at the top, and a little wider at the bottom which is some eighteen inches above the floor, with a notch about a foot deep and about half that wide extending downward so that in entering, the foot may be passed through first thus making it unnecessary to bend the body double in order to enter the room. See photo No. 1.

Seldom are the doors more than thirty inches in height so that a person of ordinary size must stoop to enter, thus putting him at a disadvantage where the cave man is defending his home with a club or his battle ax of stone. The few windows found in the outer walls are seldom more than fourteen inches square and usually have heavy oak bars set into the masonry about three inches apart.

WHERE the buildings are more than one story in height, the builders laid peeled pine poles across the top of the walls, usually about six or seven feet from the floor and on top of these poles

were laid from two to four inches of stiff clay or cement for a floor of the upper room.

These poles, about four inches in diameter, were cut with a stone ax and when brought from a distance, a notch was cut a few inches from the end to protect the rope from wear while they were being dragged to their destination. The marks of stone axes upon the poles are very plain for in the dry dust of the caves, wood and other objects are almost immune to decay.

While digging among the ashes and refuse from the dwellings we found many pieces of fabric woven from wool or some other kind of a fine fiber but to our great regret these specimens were lost on the way home.

Several varieties of corn and of beans were found, also the seeds and stems of squash, parts of potatoes, pieces of cooked mescal such as the natives now use in the making of liquor, and the bones of fish, deer and turkeys. We also found shoes of twisted fibers of the aloe, a few sea shells and many broken specimens of beautifully decorated pottery.

This pottery is far superior in its coloring and texture to any we have seen from our own state. According to a statement made to me by the late Prof. Paul Henning who was for a number of years connected with the National Museum in Mexico, the coloring and figures found upon some of the ollas in my possession were symbolic of the religious beliefs and ceremonies of a people who had undoubtedly been familiar at some time with at least some of the teachings of the Christian faith. The cross, the square, the compass, a dove with human feet, and many other marks, he said, indicated contact with a people having a highly developed religion.

From observations made in the Penasco Colorado cave dwellings, it seems quite evident that these houses were occupied by two different peoples and at rather widely separated periods of time. The older inhabitants were much farther advanced in civilization than were those who came later if we may accept the evidence of their greater skill in the design and dec-

oration of their pottery, and in the making of cloth and other articles.

The cement and other materials used in their buildings were of far better quality, and their workmanship as builders leaves no doubt as to their greater knowledge and skill as compared to those who came later and repaired some, and rebuilt other dwellings. Another discovery which seems to bear out this idea was made when we noticed that the floor of a room which we had cleared was considerably higher above the ground than was usually the case. After breaking through the floor the charred remains of roof or ceiling poles were found

come from the North during the period from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.

When they came and how long they were on the way is very much involved in mystery to the average student of history, but when viewed in the light of our Nephite chronicles, the difficulty disappears.

TH E last great battles which resulted in the utter destruction of the white race upon this continent occurred between the years 385 and 400 A. D. and the final entry in the record by Moroni was about the year 421 A. D. from

which date the survivors—Lamanites and Indians, disappear from view for several centuries. These people whom we shall now call by their better known name of Indians had become a degenerate, flesh eating race who soon separated into various family units which later became tribes

and in some instances, nations. As game became more scarce they scattered far and wide.

Some of these tribes, notably the Zunis and Pueblos of New Mexico, and the Moquis and Hopis of Arizona settled down to agricultural pursuits and built permanent homes, while others, no doubt, with the chilling blasts of Winter holding them in their icy grasp, were impelled to follow the Summer southward. Slow and painful must have been their journey, burdened as they were by their goods, their children and their aged and infirm.

The strength of their manhood and their womanhood had fallen in the wars and they had neither vehicles nor beasts of burden. Hence they could travel but slowly, and were no doubt compelled to halt during the cold season in order to protect themselves from freezing.

Thus years, perhaps centuries, elapsed before they again reached the lands where their fathers had established their strongholds. Here they rebuilt or repaired the damage wrought by time's relentless hands, and then passed on leaving a few brief chapters of their history behind in the Penasco Colorado and in many other cave dwellings.



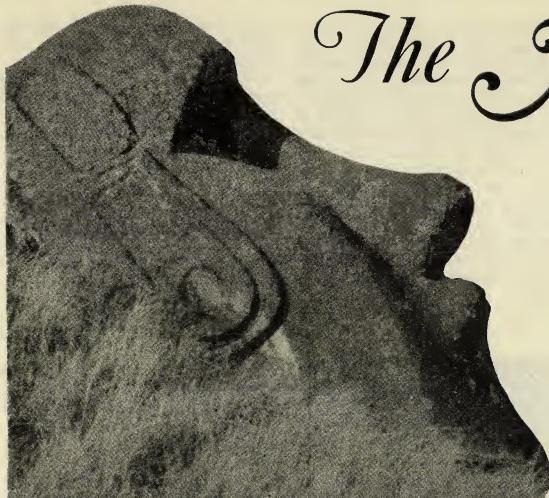
Scene from interior of the Penasco, Colorado Cave.

mingled with the cement which had once covered the poles. Underneath this layer another very hard and well polished floor was encountered. Here were many broken pieces of kitchenware of a surprisingly beautiful color and texture, and quite distinct in coloring and quality from the pieces found on the upper floor, or out in the yard.

How do these findings agree with what we know of the history of those peoples inhabiting Mexico prior to the Conquest?

Historians are fairly well agreed that many of the peoples then living in the valley of Mexico had

Aft er dwelling in the southland for forty years, Theodore Martineau presents some data in the following article which will be of interest to those interested in the pre-Indian peoples of America.



The Mystery of the Pacific

By
GEORGE F. PAUL

Sail with George F. Paul and Captain Ault over the seas to "The Mystery of the Pacific." Are these also expressions from the minds of those who went down to the sea in Haggott's ship?

FEW spots in all the length and breadth of the globe have the entralling interest that is centered around Easter Island, "the mystery of the Pacific." Members of the crew of the non-magnetic ship, "Carnegie," declared it to be the wonder spot in their cruise of 110,000 nautical miles in all oceans of the globe. This island is in the South Pacific, about 2,000 miles from Chile, to which it was annexed in 1888.

It is on this island that are preserved the enduring memorials of workers in cyclopean stone. These great images are far beyond the capacity of the present islanders. These stone statues are huge masses of tufa-crowned human shapes mounted upon platforms, usually along the edges of the cliffs. They are found in all stages of development, from the partly hewn block in the quarries to the monument finished and erected in place. They are claimed by the traditions of the islanders as the work of their forefathers down to quite recent generations. Yet, despite the tradition, it is difficult to see how a people unacquainted with metals could hew these great masses of

volcanic rock, or how, without some mechanical help, they could lift these weights over the crater rim, transport them long distances and rear them on end.

LET us listen to Captain Ault as he tells the story of his visit:

"We were welcomed and guided to the harbor by the entire population who could get into boats. The governor came out with his Chilean flag flying and all seemed delighted to see new faces. It had been six months since the Island had had a visitor.

"We lowered our dinghy and sped ashore. We stayed with Mr. Edmunds, manager of the ranch, for lunch and enjoyed fresh roast mutton, lettuce, cucumbers and bananas. The next day we all took to horses and rode eight miles to see the famous images. Several of the party had never mounted a horse before, so they decided to walk for the last five miles, just to rest themselves. Some of the horses had ridge-pole backs, which is probably the reason that some of the party found it more comfortable to walk than to ride.

"And it rained nearly all day. Once or twice we sought shelter in

the lee of an overturned image, and again, beneath the overhanging branches of a group of fig trees. Here we ate the ripening fruit and enjoyed it.

"We visited the ranch of two Scotchmen who have charge of the ranch where 35,000 sheep are kept. We dug into some of the ancient graves and brought up some of the curiously carved skulls of the ancient chiefs who had been buried there.

"Sewell had a fight with two hawks that had adopted the image mountain as their home, and resisted our coming. They swooped down angrily to within a few inches of his head.

"The Scotchmen blamed all our bad luck, rain, no photographs and hawk fights on our having disturbed the slumbers of the ancients in their stony sepulchres. We had lunch under the shelter of an overhanging ledge where a huge image had been carved out. From this point we could see images in every direction, in every position, and in all stages of completion, mute testimony to the sudden stopping of all work by the slaves who were doing the carving.



Strange monuments on Easter Island in the South Pacific, about 2,000 miles from Chile. In the island's small area there are 555 statues, cut from lava. They range from 3 to 70 feet in length.

WE had three native boys to carry cameras and lunch, and when we returned on board, we paid them with sugar and an old coat. Money is of little use on the island. The natives prefer flour, sugar, clothing, soap, and especially lacking were needles and thread. Anyone with an extra pair of black trousers could have had anything on the island for such a treasure.

"Here we again carried on our scientific observations on ship and shore, keeping the recording instruments going night and day for three days. The tents were usually surrounded in the daytime by a crowd of natives, curious to find out what the strangers were doing and watching for any little present we might give them.

"Our old guide of 1915, Juan Tapara, was there and remembered us. In general there was a decided improvement in the manner of living. Many are growing yams, sweet potatoes and corn and raising sheep and cattle.

"The doctor held several clinics, treating the natives for various complaints, mostly rheumatism, injuries from horseback accidents and stomach-ache. The governor's wife, a native woman, teaches the school, and a priest comes from the mainland once a year to care for the religious life of the village. The people are poor, but they are happy, live in a fine climate, and seem to get along very well together. The most severe punish-

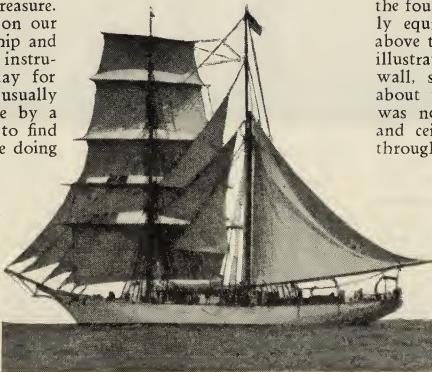
ment, dealt out for robbery, which seems to be the chief crime, is to sentence the guilty person to work in the garden for a day. A former governor, who had been a Valparaiso policeman, had built a small box, in which the prisoner had room only to stand up, no room to 'swat' the flies or mos-

quitoes, and marvelously carved images.

IN one small hut, consisting of one room with a dirt floor, lives a family of four women. There was a pile of sticks in one corner, a small pile of corn in another, a raised platform with some bedding in a third corner, and in the fourth corner a more elaborately equipped bed, about five feet above the floor. A few magazine illustrations were tacked to the wall, some straw was scattered about the floor, otherwise there was no furniture and the walls and ceiling were full of cracks through which the rain entered freely. The white-covered bed, elevated above the dirt, gave a startling effect of a shrine amid squalor, of a best room in the middle of the kitchen.

"And here lived the old grandmother, one of the few surviving natives of the early days. She spoke only a few words of Spanish and was proud to speak them all at once when we entered the hut where she was squatting in front of a small fire of corncobs in the middle of the floor, boiling a few grains of corn for the family dinner.

The bed is for a fair granddaughter, about 16 years old, "the jewel and treasure of the family, the rose born to blush unseen, on this island of mystery, far out in the boundless Pacific."



The ship Carnegie under full sail.

quitoes, and one day usually proved a cure.

"We wandered about the village, admiring the gorgeous geraniums, snapdragons, hollyhocks and others of the old-fashioned flowers we have known so well; chatting in Spanish with the natives, trading wearing apparel for small stone images, old stone fish-

PALEONTOLOGY AND THE *Book of Mormon*

By RASMUS MICHELSSEN

"And it came to pass that we did find upon the land of promise, as we journeyed in the wilderness, that there were beasts in the forests of every kind, both the cow and the ox, and the ass and the horse, and the goat and the wild goat." I Nephi 18:25.

"And also all manner of cattle, of oxen, and cows, and of sheep, and of swine, and of goats, and also many other kinds of animals which were useful for the food of man."

"And they also had horses, and asses, and there were elephoms and cureloms and cumoms; all of which were useful unto man, and more especially the elephoms and the cureloms and cumoms." Ether 9:18-19.

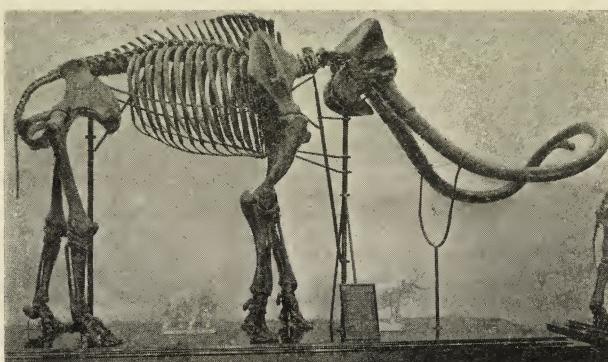
THREE was a time, not so very long ago, when the above quoted passages from the Book of Mormon were quite embarrassing to believers in, and defenders of, this sacred volume, for, as is well known, many of the animals here named, and the most prominent among them the horse, were not found on this continent at the time of its discovery by Columbus.

Indeed, our esteemed and staunch defender of the Book of Mormon, B. H. Roberts, in his very excellent work, "New Witness for God," Volume 2, published 1909, expresses himself thus pertaining to this point: "In the present state of our knowledge upon the subject, it has to be admitted that it constitutes one of our most embarrassing difficulties."

The noted philosopher, John Fiske, of Harvard University, in

his work, "The Discovery of America" (1892), like so many others, has to take a little fling at the Book of Mormon and in this wise:

"It is extremely difficult for an im-



*Skeleton of Imperial Elephant from Rancho La Brea.
Courtesy Los Angeles Museum.*

poster to concoct a narrative without making blunders that can easily be detected by a critical scholar. For example, the Book of Mormon, in the passage referred to, in supremely blissful ignorance introduces oxen and sheep, as well as the knowledge of smelting iron, into pre-Columbian America."

BUT, somehow he reckoned without his host when he essayed in this manner so easily to dispose of the Book of Mormon. It somehow will not stay dismissed. Time is a friend of truth, as well as a friend of innocence, and nobly has it again vindicated this claim, this time through the medium of paleontology, the branch of science which deals with animal and plant life as revealed through their fossil remains.

It was the writer's privilege, about two years ago, to visit the

Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Art, and there to view a very splendid collection of mounted fossil skeletons, excavated under the direction of the Museum during the years 1913 to

1915 from some tar pits located on what was then known as Rancho La Brea (the Tar Ranch). This ranch was a tract of land of about thirty - two acres containing a large number of these tar pits and in which many animals of prehistoric and later times had been en-

trapped and perished. This tract of land was eventually donated by its owner, a Mr. Hancock, to the city of Los Angeles, and is now known as Hancock Park, located on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles. This collection of fossil remains is regarded as the richest of its kind in the world, and students of the Book of Mormon should not fail to visit it, when in Los Angeles. A census taken revealed that at least four thousand two hundred and sixty-four individual animals were entrapped in these tar pits.

THE Los Angeles Museum has issued two publications dealing with this fossil collection. One is named "Notes on the Pleistocene Fossils from Rancho La Brea," 40 pages, and the other, "Paleontology No. 1," of 80 pages. I can do no better than to quote briefly from these.



*Skeleton of Ancient Ox. Rancho La Brea.
Courtesy Los Angeles Museum.*

*Skeleton of Western Horse from Rancho
La Brea. Courtesy Los Angeles Museum.*

"In the science department of the Museum are exhibited a considerable number of mounted skeletons and many skulls and bones of prehistoric animals, that were trapped in the asphalt pits of Rancho La Brea and their bones preserved in the oil to the present day. These were animals of the Pleistocene, or Glacial Epoch, the geological period immediately preceding the one in which we live, known as the Recent Epoch. They represent the type of great beasts that inhabited North America at that time and which became extinct possibly before the appearance of man and were replaced by modern types." Page 8.

"The Imperial Elephant was the largest of all land mammals, ranging in height from twelve to fifteen feet at the shoulders. Jumbo, the largest modern elephant on record, measured eleven and a half feet, while the average of the modern elephant is around nine feet. It is remarkable that practically all the elephant remains found in the asphalt beds were taken from a single deposit, known as Pit No. 9, or the 'Elephant Pit.' There, in an area fifteen by twenty-five feet, with an extreme depth of nearly thirty-five feet, were found bones representing many elephants, together with a number of Mastodons and a great quantity of bones of the Ancient Ox, Giant Sloth, Camel, Horse, Lion, Sabre-Tooth, Wolf and Cave Bear. * * * The American Mastodon must have existed in great numbers, as its fossil remains are found nearly everywhere in the United States. In some cases these remains have been so associated with implements of human manufacture to suggest the belief that it existed until after the appearance of man."

"The camel, with the horse, enjoys the distinction of having originated in North America and becoming extinct here after species had spread to other countries and there perpetuated itself. * * * Both llamas and true camels abounded in early and middle Pleistocene time on the Great Plains and in California." Page 30.

"The most sensational discovery of the asphalt beds was that of a human skull, nearly perfect, and various fragmentary bones, unquestionably belonging to the same individual. * * * Dr. J. S. Merriam, who has studied the occurrence, says in his preliminary report: 'The evidence as a whole indicates that the human skeleton

from Pit No. 10 is of a period much later than the typical Rancho La Brea fauna; the time being either within the Recent period, or not later than the very latest portion of Pleistocene time. The age of this specimen may perhaps be measured in thousands of years, but probably not in tens of thousands.'" Page 34.

From Paleontology No. 1, I quote as follows:

"A. S. Romer has recently described from a cave deposit near Fillmore, Utah, a remarkably preserved skull of a camel, belonging undoubtedly to the species represented at Rancho La Brea. The preservation of the specimen and the facts concerning its occurrence have led Romer to conclude that camels of this species were living at no very remote date on the North American continent. Additional evidence of this character may tend also to give a more youthful aspect to the Rancho La Brea assemblage." Page 20.

"Strikingly foreign as the camels appear to the North American mammalian life of today, this group of animals during the Age of Mammals was well represented over the northern continental area of the New World. Apparently only in late geological time have they disappeared entirely from this region. * * * The camels of Rancho La Brea all belong to a single

species (*Camelop. hesternus*). * * * The mounted specimen has a height of more than seven feet." Page 48.

"The presence of bands of horses in the vicinity of the asphalt deposits during the period of accumulation is clearly testified by the numerous remains of these mammals found at Rancho La Brea. While many individuals are recorded in the collection, all of them belong to a single species. In stage of evolution and in general body structure this type resembles the modern horse, although differing from the latter in a number of specific details. Standing approximately fifteen hands (5 feet) at the withers (shoulders), this animal compared favorably in height with an average sized modern horse. In the fossil form the skull is somewhat domed in the region of the forehead and the sutures separating the individual bones of the skull in this area give a slightly different pattern from that seen in living specimens. In these two characters the Rancho La Brea species exhibits some resemblance to the asses. * * * The abundance and widespread distribution of horses in North America make the apparent disappearance of the group in the region prior to the advent of the white man an added and an unusual feature of their long and eventful career." Pages 53-54.

From a recent *Tribune* news article (1931), I quote:

"Ten thousand years ago a slice of Ground Sloth meat was a mighty choice dish in the really best circles of Nevada. M. R. Harrington, Curator of the Southwest (Los Angeles) Museum, said in a statement here, Harrington, who just returned from Gypsum Cave, near Las Vegas, Nevada, had a lot of interesting gossip about the folks who chummed around with sloths as big as Grizzly Bears, and associated with horses and camels that were less than five feet high. * * * Apparently man associated with extinct Ground Sloths, horses and camels in the last phase of the Pleistocene or Ice Age of North America. From evidence in the cave this was 10,000 years ago or more."

ANOTHER news article from the *Salt Lake Tribune* of July 12, 1931, has this to say regarding a find of Mastodon remains near Cromwell, Indiana:

The author of this article is not a paleontologist, but he is a careful student of the Book of Mormon and a keen observer. We feel that some of the documentary evidence he offers here will be of interest to our readers, although as he says, the best evidence of the Book of Mormon, or the Bible either for that matter, is the book itself.

"The finding of the arrowhead in connection with charcoal and a buried tree stump uncovered in the same stratum makes it probable Indians were here when the Mastodon died and even possible they killed the animal for food. Indians are known to have inhabited this country from 4000 to 5000 years ago. Dr. John T. Sanford, curator of geology and paleontology at the Buffalo Museum, said that the finding of fresh water shells and plant remains similar to, if not identical with, modern species in the clay surroundings and below the mastodon also intimates the animals lived at a much later date than first believed. It is probable the beasts lived as recently as one thousand years ago, according to Sanford."

We have here what approaches actual confirmation for the Book of Mormon, and this on a point which until very recently was probably our most embarrassing difficulty and the hardest to meet. True, the scientists, who have investigated the find, estimate the entrapment to have occurred near the close of the Glacial Period, variously estimated to have terminated at from 15,000 to 25,000 years ago by gradually merging into the Recent Period, or period in which we now live. But it is also plain, from statements quoted above, that they are not very sure about this and freely admit that other discoveries tend to give the assemblage a "more youthful aspect." But even if they are approximately right as to time of entrapment, this is no evidence that these animals became extinct near that time; quite to the contrary we find a number there still extant, such as the Mountain Lion, Coyote, California Gray Fox, Timber Wolf, Deer, Antelope, etc., all of which are also found in the assemblage.

As to sheep and goats named in the Book of Mormon, it should only be necessary to point out that we still have the Rocky Mountain sheep and Rocky Mountain goats, both native of North America.

THE animals given by their Nephite names, Cureloms and Cumoms, it may not be possible to definitely identify at the present time. The similarity in names would seemingly indicate they were closely related to each other, and some Book of Mormon students have advanced the very plausible theory that they were what we now know as Alpacas and Llamas, native to the mountainous regions of South America. These are semi-domesticated, closely related animals allied to the camel family, but without humps. They are about three feet high, valued



RASMUS MICHELSEN was born in 1862 on a farm near the city of Aarhus, Denmark. He came to Utah in 1880. In 1924 he went on a mission to his native land. "Since my return from my mission," he says, "I have given the Book of Mormon more thought and study than at any previous time and my love and reverence for it has increased correspondingly. Now I feel free to say it is indeed a book of priceless value, grandly eloquent, notwithstanding the severe simplicity of its language."

alike for their hairy wool, their flesh and also as beasts of burden. At the time of the conquest of America by the Spaniards, the Llamas were the only beasts of burden known in South America. They are still used as such, and are able to carry a load of about 150 pounds.

Our good friend, John Fiske, was equally unfortunate in his little quip about the smelting of iron as mentioned in the Book of Mormon, for very recent discoveries have clearly established that this was also known to the early inhabitants of this land.

I quote the following from an article in "Worlds Work" for January, 1928, by the noted archaeologist, A. Hyatt Verrill:

"I am thoroughly convinced that these people [the inhabitants of the recently discovered ancient city on the Isthmus of Panama] possessed iron or steel tools, and I do not know of a single argument or fact to disprove it. The fact that no iron or steel tools have ever been found proves nothing. Iron is the most perishable of elements. * * * Moreover, at a depth of five and one-half feet below the surface, at the temple site, among broken pottery and imbedded in charcoal, I found a steel and hardened iron implement."

ONE hundred years have now passed since this remarkable volume, the Book of Mormon, first appeared in print (1830). At that time the enemies of the work essayed to strangle it by refusing to buy it and made a concerted

effort in that direction. How well or poorly they succeeded is perhaps best shown by the fact that today it has an annual sale of about fifty thousand copies. Countless "shafts of falsehood and derision" have been hurled against it; theory after theory advanced by its enemies and skeptics with a view of discrediting it; such as the Solomon Spaulding theory, the Riley theory and many others, but all have fallen flat and vanished like dew before the rising sun.

The Book of Mormon is just what it claims to be, a divinely inspired record of the dealings of God with the ancient inhabitants of the Western Continent and who in times past had mighty prophets and inspired leaders to guide them.

To persons who place fine phraseology above divine truth, it may not appeal strongly, but what a treasure house of eternal riches it is to those who, with prayerful hearts, and minds receptive to real spiritual values will closely scan its pages—reading it in the light of the prophetic promise made in the very last chapter of the book.

MUCH as we value the many external evidences in favor of the Book of Mormon, as derived from archaeology, paleontology and kindred sources, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the strongest proof of its divine authenticity is the book itself. The spirit that accompanies it; its plain and clear presentation of the fundamental principles and ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; its beautiful account of the Savior's visit to the people of this Western Continent after his resurrection from the dead; its wholesome admonitions; its pleading call to repentance; its stirring appeal for the application of the golden rule in everyday life; its prophetic warnings and promises; its message of hope to souls heavy laden with the burdens of life; its deep and soul-satisfying answer to the eternal WHY of this earth-life; all unite in proclaiming it a work of inestimable value—a mighty witness that "Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting Himself unto all nations."

Difficult it surely will be for any sincere lover of truth to read this book with care and escape the conviction so aptly expressed by one earnest investigator: "A wicked man could not have written it; a good man would not, if not true."

GREAT AMERICAN WOMEN



Ah, there was an Indian Princess, after all, a real American, a gentle ruler, a brilliant diplomat and scout. Her name was

Hans Drey

Dona Marina

By

GEORGE GARDNER

AMONG the great American women who are still comparatively unknown, Dona Marina stands out as one whose life is of special interest to Latter-day Saints, who believe that the natives of America will one day become a white and delightsome

people. Dona Marina was at one time the Princess and heir to a rich and powerful throne in the province of Coatzacualso, one of the most beautiful spots in America on the southeastern border of the Mexican Empire.

Her father, a rich and powerful

chief, died when she was very young. Her mother married again and conceived the infamous idea of securing the throne for a younger son by the second husband. This plot was bold and dangerous but the mother planned it with great care. The child of one of her

slaves had died. She gave out the report that her own daughter was dead and a funeral was held with mock solemnity. At the same time, Dona Marina was secretly delivered into the hands of some itinerant traders who later sold her as a slave to a Tabascan Chief near the coast of Yucatan. Here she learned not only the language but the customs, manners, and traditions of another people, and while she was a slave her work was that of a house servant for a Tabascan Chief.

It was in the Tabascan house that she made her first acquaintance with a white man, Agiular. He was the lone survivor of a shipwrecked crew near the coast of Yucatan. He had fallen into the hands of this powerful chief, where he was at first treated with great rigor. The patience he displayed touched the better nature of the chief, who offered to give him an Indian slave for his wife, but Agiular refused the offer. His admirable constancy excited the distrust of the chief, however, who put his virtue to severe test by various temptations. Agiular came out unscorched from these fiery trials, and was given many positions of responsibility, among them the care of the wives and female servants.

Cortez paid a heavy ransom for Agiular, and it was with regret that the Tabascan chief parted with him. Along with Agiular the chief had sent as a present to Hernando Cortez, a number of female slaves. This was the first meeting of two important characters in American history, Dona Marina and Hernando Cortez.

HERNANDO CORTEZ had landed on the coast of Yucatan preparatory to his conquest of Mexico. The ship had not been long at anchor when a light boat filled with natives shot off from the neighboring shore and rode for the Spaniards' vessel. The natives brought presents of fruit and flowers and ornaments of gold in exchange for which they were given Spanish trinkets. Cortez attempted to hold a conversation with these Indians by means of the interpreter, Agiular, who had learned the Tabascan language; but Agiular was unable to talk with these Indians who arrived in the boats. From the presents of gold, many of them delicately carved in the forms of birds and animals, fruits

and flowers, Cortez realized that the envoys had come from a land of wealth, highly civilized, and of rare refinement, but he was baffled in his attempt to converse with these messengers. Seeing his perplexity Dona Marina came forward and told Agiular in the Tabascan tongue that these messengers were from the richest and most powerful monarch of Mexico, Montezuma.

Montezuma lived on the mountain plains of the interior about 200 miles from where Cortez had landed, the present location of the city of Vera Cruz. The Tabascans and many, many other powerful tribes were vassals of Montezuma.

Dona Marina was acquainted with the tongue of the messengers from Montezuma, indeed, she spoke it with great elegance. Her residence in Tabasco familiarized her with the dialects of that country and enabled her to talk with Agiular who in turn gave the message to Cortez. Thus a certain, though somewhat circuitous channel was opened to Cortez for communication with the richest, most highly cultured people of the new world.

Cortez at once appreciated the value of this slave, a present from the Tabascan chief. She readily learned the Spanish language and was made his interpreter. She told Cortez that the message from Montezuma was one of friendship and good will, but that Montezuma was not ready to receive the

Spaniards. The messengers were carrying back to the great ruler information as to the character of this strange people and the purpose of their visit. She showed to Cortez the excellent drawings which were being made of the Spaniards, of their horses and ships. The one of the Spanish helmet was made with great care. It seemed to indicate to the wondering natives the rank or power of the ruler. Cortez gave the helmet to Dona Marina with instructions to send it to Montezuma as a present. In a few days the messengers returned, the helmet was filled to the brim with grains of gold. There were other presents that would excite the admiration and wonder of the most civilized people of today. There were sandals of gold interlaced with variegated feathers, intermingled with gold and silver thread and decked with precious stones, gold birds and gold animals of exquisite workmanship, robes and coverlets of rich and various dyes, interwoven with feathers to rival the delicacy of painting, but the things which excited the Spaniards most were two circular plates of gold and silver richly carved with plants and animals. One alone would today be worth between \$25,000 and \$50,000.

DONA MARINA delivered to Cortez the message that accompanied these gifts, which excited so much admiration and wonder. She said that it had given the great ruler pleasure to hold communication with so powerful a chief for whom he felt a profound respect. The Aztec ruler regretted that he could not enjoy a personal visit with the Spaniards, but said the danger of traveling from the coast to the City of Mexico would be too great for the white chief.

The story of this dangerous march by a handful of Spaniards to that strange city is one of the most romantic in history. It has been told by many historians. The guiding genius of that march was the beautiful Indian Princess, Dona Marina. At first she was merely a servant, but her knowledge of three languages soon won for her a position as Cortez' interpreter. She quickly learned the Spanish language also, and became the confidential advisor of the expedition. Her travels had taught her much about the country, and she was

(Continued on page 166)



GEORGE GARDNER, formerly assistant Professor of History at Brigham Young College, Logan, Utah, is now director of the Part Time and Opportunity School, Granite District, Salt Lake City. Professor Gardner has been Sometime teaching Fellow at the University of California and a true westerner interested in all that is American.



Amigo

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Amigo and Ramon are with us once again as naive, as unseparable, as courageous as ever. Lone Scout principles bring Ramon through a tight squeeze, making for the good fortune of himself and his beloved Amigo.

Alamo Grande.

January 20—

My most lovely and adored teacher, Miss Bronson:—

YOUR most thankful letter and the large box of chocolate sweets which you send with so great kindness arrive on the day of Christmas. It is very happy to feel we are remember so far away. That one of so great beauty and many friends still think with kindness of little Ramon and Amigo.

At the first Amigo refuse with firmness the candy which I tell him is for him also. But when I have force him to accept the one, he likes it greatly and desires them all. It is with difficult I preserve a few for myself and these others who have no dear teacher in the U. S. We send these thousand thanks for your remembrance.

Today I am call to the home of my master, the Senor Candalario, to speak with this man of Chinese who have the so large field of vegetables by the outside of the town. This Chinese does not speak the Spanish, but he tell wrongly that he speak the language of the U. S. The Senor have hear that I have schooling in this language. He send for me. This Chinese have the large basket of

herbs he desire to sell to the Señora. He start with great noise to speak to me when I appear. It is not the Spanish which he speak, nor is it the U. S. It is more as the language which the geese speak one to the other in the pond. I implore that he speak with more slowness. He wave his arms and his speech tumbles with more loud geese noises than before. These people stand about with much pleasure. They give me great laughs that I do not know the language of U. S. With dignity I reply it is this Chinese who have no knowledge of U. S. He tackle great insults in his speech of the geese. I desire greatly to punch his yellow face. Then I think of you, my dear Miss Bronson, how you have never punch my face in my greatest ignorance. I have shame. Are these Lone Scout actions? I say with patience to this Chinese I will teach to him the U. S. He reply with anger, I will teach him nothings. Can one who know nothings, teach nothings? he inquire with rage. I tell him by these actions he is no Scout. He make answer in pride. No, he is of very large Chinese nation. I cannot have faith in my hands. They double up and desire to punch. I walk away. This Chinese make sudden change. He begs

me back. He tell I possess the only brains which exist in Alamo Grande. He speak his geese language slowly. I understand smallly. I tell to the Señora. She buy of his vegetables. All is very happy. He wish I shall leave the mill of the Senor and sell for him the herbs which he grow so largely. Amigo may transport the baskets. I have fear I cannot eat plenty with the two sticks which throw into the mouth with violence. Also the cooked mice would be badly in my stomach. But this would be pleasant work for Amigo. He would hear no more harsh speech of himself and his ancestors. He would not walk in a weary circular manner from morning to night.

I will speak with him of these things when he wakes. I am very weary.

May the blessings of the Saints be upon you, my dear teacher, and Our Lady's grace be with your endeavors.

Ramon Vasquez.

Alamo Grande, Chihuahua, Mexico,
February 18—

MY very appreciated and respected teacher of the school: Since I have last write you the

correspondence regarding the Chinese man so unspeakable in the language of the U. S. the Saints have greatly blessed Amigo and Ramon.

I have resolve with pain to leave the hard labor of the mill of the Senor, and dwell, for the good of Amigo, with this unspeakable Chinese. Amigo does not complain, but he have this look in the eyes and his ears and tail hang in a sadly manner when this man of the mud casts these insults upon his dear parents.

While I am thinking of these things there comes sliding into the town a so very grande automobile as I have seen in the U. S. It is a great event to these people of Alamo Grande. The dogs and children have much fear. Everyone observe with interest when this automobile stop at the store of the Senor. It contains the new owner of El Tigre mine, which lies in the mountain to the north. He is wishful to observe his new property. He has with him his secretary, who speak the Spanish in a very bookly manner. Senor Candalario have much trouble to understand. In the back are a most beautiful young lady who are the daughter of the new owner.

There is much talk of hotels which are very unknown in Alamo Grande, and Senor Candalario, who is also jefe politico as well as rich merchant gives offer of his own home and food while they shall be among us. All this I hear from others, my dear Miss Bronson, for Amigo and I still work in difficult manner at the adobe mill. But when it is the next morning, Senor Candalario again send for me and request that the young lady wish to speak with me in the U. S. language. She is a very beautiful young lady, Miss Bronson, but her face has not the sweet peace of yours. She is very gay and has this habit of laughing greatly at nothings which is apuzlement to Amigo. But I have not yet arrive at Amigo in my story. The young lady tell me how her father and Honorable secretary have travel to the mine with these burros they obtain from the Senor, and will not allow her to go for the danger of the steep and narrow trail. She tell with anger they have leave her to hold her hands in Alamo Grande. She pause for reply, and I do not know what I should make answer. They are very beautiful hands, I make

remark. She laugh very greatly at this and say, yes, but there are no kick holding them herself. What she mean is very unknown to me. I have never known there is a kick in any hands. I suppose the kick reside in the heels. But I say nothings with politeness.

SHE then tell she desire one boy and burro to transport her to this mine. She will show her respected father and Hon. secretary, who she say is a stick. This is



foolishment, for Jose, who saw him tell me of his bookly Spanish and sticks cannot speak the Spanish. But Amigo, my burro, does not desire to ride two large ones at one time, I tell with boldness, for I do not wish he should deposit Miss Lamson with impoliteness upon the hard earth. She laugh as at all times and reply that she has no wish I should ride. She has great fear of this trail, of Amigo, also and desire I should walk and lead him at the head. I ask why she should go having this fear. She make answer to anger her revered father and Hon. Sec. I tell these are not Lone Scout actions. She make greatest laughter of all and make answer she is not a scout nor yet a Camp Fire young lady, but a spoiled baby who must have her own desires. She cannot be a baby, Miss Bronson, as she is quite as large as you. I have earnest doubt if this is a right thing. Senor Candalario then asks what is all the conversation. I tell of Miss Lamson's desire. He make answer I must do as the young lady wish, otherly he will fire me from out Alamo Grande.

After much talk it is decide I shall ride a burro of the Senor

to the mountain's foot and Miss Lamson shall mount upon Amigo for same distance. Arriving there, I shall then turn away the burro of the Senor and step to the headward side of Amigo leading him up the steep danger trail with care.

It is done. I have great embarrassment when Miss Lamson appear clad in these trowsers which she must have borrow from the supply of the Hon. Sec. her revered father having this great distance around the equator which would not fit his trowsers to the young lady. I pretend with politeness that these trowsers are invisible to me, while I wish with earnestness her father may secure a plenty of moneys from El Tigre that she may have the plenty of young lady dresses in the hereafter. There are many gathered to behold our departure from the village. I have hope to slip out with quietness, but Miss Lamson feel no shame for her unseemly garbing and wave and smile to all while I enjoy great embarrassment.

THE journey to the mountain's foot was accomplish in much course of time. Miss Lamson have many remarks on this slowness. I point out in reasonable way these burros are not so very swift automobile. Miss Lamson tells, No, they more resemble the ten ton trucks. She thereafter refer to Amigo as her ten-ton truck. I have fear this offend his feelings, but in politeness I say nothings.

There is one slight unpleasantness which now occurs. Amigo has always this great fear of serpents. It has never leave him since one bite him fiercely on the heel in days of childhood. Miss Lamson have just remark she has joy the race is not to the strong ones but rather to those who endure to the last end, as we proceed with slowness, when Amigo preceive this so large serpent curled up in a most dangerous posture. With extreme suddenness he is here no more, but is in a distant place sidely, and Miss Lamson is seated with anger upon a bed of thornful cactus. An' early death to you, and many of them! Miss Lamson exclaims with very scarlet expression of countenance. I attempt in tactful manner to restore friendship. Miss Lamson forgive most readily, but Amigo say nothings with anger.

At the mountain's foot I dismount from off this other burro

and turn him homeward. The shadows are becoming very longward as I grasp the rope and step before Amigo. This trail progresses narrowly and steeply around the side of this so tall mountain, with many feet rising suddenly upward and many feet rising suddenly downward. There are also many sharp turnings which cause this feeling in the stomach.

Miss Lamson declares in constant tone she knows she is dying, that this is slaying her, etc. This is foolishness for she has appearance of great health. She closes her eyes with tightness though there is this scene of sunset which I desire her to observe. It is with surprise that darkness falls so soon. Miss Lamson give many insults to the gait of Amigo which is slow though sure. She remark unkindly of her revered father and Hon. Sec. who have left her to be killed dreadfully. The darkness is soon so great I must go feelingly with my hand on these sudden cliffs and my feet stepping with caution. Time passes with weariness. Miss Lamson begs can we not go in more hurried manner. I step out with less care. There is nothings. I am falling. My mind has great clearness. I must warn Miss Lamson and Amigo. I drop the rope. I cry loudly to Amigo to stand still, in the Spanish language. This is all more swiftly than I can write in this correspondence, my dear teacher, Miss Bronson. I fall swiftly with bumps. Suddenly, with joy, my feet touch horizontal spot. I am standing still hugging the cliff with thanks. I call out if Miss Lamson and Amigo are well. Miss Lamson, who have been so unwisely before is very bravely now. She ask with calmness if I am all right. She ask if I have the matches to see my condition. I take one hand away with care to light the match. It is very frighteningly narrow where I stand. Below, the black nothingness stretches fearfully. Above, the cliff stands so straightly it gives this feeling in the stomach. Then, standing on the very edge of this fearsome precipice I see Miss Lamson and Amigo, looking down at me with solemn eyes. Miss Lamson is very white, but Amigo look calm and wise. He has great faith in his master. I must not let him see this fear which is in me. I speak lightly, I laugh in shaky manner. Then while they watch me with

Sonnet of the Highway

By Bertha A. Kleinman

A ROUND the sable shoulders of the night,
The star-dials turn imperial and serene,
Nor sphere in all that retine of light
Protests the march of orbited routine;
The monarch oak flings out her leafy sheen,
A million fingers reaching for the sun,
Nor twig nor branch that trespasses between
To thwart the frailest tendril she has spun:
The thoroughfares of men that gird the land,
Are strewn with doleful wreckage and decay,
And trespass flouts the death be near at hand.
To triumph in disaster and dismay,
For only man—the mighty poles between—
Defies the Law of Order and Routine!

fearful eyes I light another match and look for roots and stones which protrude out of the cliff. It is a very dreadfully feeling in the stomach. I wish with ardor, you may never fall over a cliff, My beautiful Miss Bronson. It seem a number of hours that I climb this cliff. Once a root come out when I grasp it and I slip in sickening manner, but I catch another and gain slowly upward.

WHEN at last I am again with Miss Lamson and my dear Amigo, I feel this great weakness. Miss Lamson say it is good for the one time Amigo is stubborn. I have pain in this talk. Amigo is not stubborn, he is wise. He obey when I bid him stand. But Miss Lamson will never understand the nature of Amigo. I say nothings hopelessly.



"Are We Happy?"
By Ethel M. Sorensen,
Salt Lake City, Utah

We have now the question of what to do. Miss Lamson laments for a flash-light, which is unknown to me. I possess still this small box of wax matches. We decide I shall lead Amigo while these remain for striking in constant succession, then we shall stand and wait for the morning.

But before the box have become empty we have arrive at the broad road at the top level of the mountain. A light gleams with kind welcome a short distance to the front and Amigo steps with more swiftness.

The father of Miss Lamson have many emotions when we appear in this cabin. First he enjoy great surprise and anger, he scold with great energy. Then he kiss his daughter and call her little fool, which is strange term of fondness. Hon. Sec. have great disgust against us all. Miss Lamson speak with such praise I have embarrassment, how I have save her life. I make reply if her life are saved it is Amigo, by his wiseness to remain still, are responsible. Mr. Lamson reply with great laugh he shall not forget Amigo and Ramon for preserving his so worthless daughter. It is very happy. Next day we all return to Alamo Grande.

And now I arrive at the great news which I have led up to with all these many pages of correspondence. Mr. Lamson ask many questions as we sit in the house of the Senor. He inquire if I should wish to return to U. S. He will give me employ in his so large factories. I reply I shall rather return to the house of my uncle who has given great kindness in times past, but has not the moneys for Amigo. Mr. Lamson then insist he shall pay the moneys that Amigo and I shall travel to our uncle. He tell this is small price for preservation of his daughter. It is tomorrow this wonderful happening will come. Mr. Lamson say if my uncle has not the heartful welcome for us bothly, I must inform by correspondence and he will mend our fortunes.

My so dear teacher, I shall in small time look again upon your beautiful face, and Amigo beg that you will permit the privilege to carry you upon his so broad back in some future time.

As the Saints have so greatly blessed Ramon and Amigo, so may they bless you, my lovely teacher. —Ramon Vasquez.



A basket-maker cave in the southwest—Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

MOST OF OUR FOOD COMES FROM THE *American Indian*

By ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

NOMADIC tribes are not exactly considered farmers, yet to the American Indian the world today owes five-sevenths of its agricultural wealth.

Sometime in the dim distant past an observing aborigine spoke thus to his mate: "Look, grass grows today where seeds were thrown last year."

"The relation of seed to plant was long unknown, hence agriculture was impossible. Agriculture has always been the basis of civilization: in Europe wheat; in the Orient rice; in America corn or maize. Agriculture gives leisure for the arts and civilization grows apace."

Not only foodstuffs but such useful commodities as rubber, cot-

ton and quinine are American born. The Indians along the Amazon in South America used rubber to waterproof their canoes, bottles and sandals, the Portuguese found when they went to Brazil. Montezuma's warriors were shielded with cotton padding when they fought the Spaniards. The valuable medicinal qualities of the cinchona bark (quinine) were discovered by accident. An Indian, suffering from fever was left behind for dead. Imagine the surprise of the party when he caught up with them, apparently cured. He had thrown himself into a pool of water and eagerly quaffed it, bitter though it was. It had absorbed the drug from the bark of trees that stood in the vicinity.

THE white potato, main staple of the Irish, does not hail from the Emerald Isle, but was first raised on the wonderful terraced gardens of Peru, more beautiful than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The tomato, too, was found there. It took a brave white man to first sample it. They didn't know anything about vitamins in those days and tomatoes were called "love apples" and considered poisonous. Here also in these gorgeous gardens of the Andes were found the orchid-like flower from whose seeds vanilla extract is made. Not so good was the coca plant from which cocaine is derived.

The Aztecs used cacao, (chocolate and cocoa) for money. From luxurious Mexico came also the

"eggs that grow on trees" (avocados), pineapple (from which the famous pima cloth is made), chili peppers, guavas, artichokes, and beans. The latter not only included frijoles but kidney and limas, as well as the flamboyant flowered scarlet-runner bean.

The Pueblo Indians of the southwest not only raised squash and pumpkins, but many varieties of gourds which they made into drinking cups and utensils. Among the Hopis the squash blossom today is the emblem of fertility and the adolescent girls twist their hair into the shape of the squash blossoms. It was their cliff-dwelling gardens and flat roofs that probably made the negro Esteben describe the "Seven Cities of Cibola" as being roofed with silver.

PERHAPS it was these desert dwelling Indians who first learned to store corn (maize) after it had been dried, in baskets and jars in caves, to provide against drought, famine, and warfare. Thus another big stride in civilization was made.

From the northeast, Canada way, came maple sugar and wild rice, as well as Indian hemp.

Columbus discovered the sweet potato as well as the western hem-

isphere when he reached the West Indies.

Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with introducing tobacco into England from Virginia. It had long been used among the Indians for ceremonial purposes as "smoking the pipe of peace." The story



Children of the Hopis have dolls that are replicas of the Cod of Rain.

is told of the English servant girl who saw Sir Walter smoking a pipe and threw a bucket of water on him. She thought that he was on fire.

Chicle, from which chewing gum is made, also hales from America. Also the copal of varnish and such well-known drugs as sassafras bark, sarsaparilla root and cascara bark. In fact the Indians knew the medicinal qualities of many plants.

Tapioca was derived from Man-

ioc. Besides the native walnuts and butternuts from Brazil the red men knew cashew nuts, pecans and peanuts. Twine was made from sisal.

SQUAWS understood the use of dyes both for clothing, ceremonial costumes, and the decoration of baskets and pottery. Logwood produced red, rustic yellow and indigo blue. Bright scarlet, beloved of the Indian, was obtained from the cochineal, an insect that lives on a cactus in Mexico. And from the cactus peculiar to the southwest the native obtained food and drink, soap, clothing and thatch for his houses. Cranberries were found in New England soon after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.

Although it isn't exactly what the Puritan Fathers had to eat on that first Thanksgiving, for those who desire an all-American dinner, the Museum of the Southwest respectfully suggests the following menu:

Soup; corn or tomato; turkey; cranberry sauce; muscovy duck with candied sweet potatoes; pineapple ice; salted peanuts; creamed potatoes; lima beans; artichokes; squash; avocado salad; tapioca pudding; pumpkin pie; vanilla ice cream; chocolate; pecans; maple sugar.

Hopi raised squash on the terraces. Hopi women wore their hair in wheels, like the squash blossom, as a sign of maidenhood.



Editorial

Hello, 1933

THIS charmer who will leap with the sun or even before the sun over the eastern mountains on January First—what sort of person will she be?

Few years have received a warmer welcome than Miss 1933 will receive. That is because many people have suffered physical, mental, and even spiritual anguish during the year which is just now veiling her face and walking into that land from which no past years ever return—except in memory. People who have not actually suffered have lived in fear of suffering. All look with longing if not with hollow eyes upon the approaching days hoping that they will be no worse than those which have walked by.

And yet Miss 1932 was a lovely thing, after all. Never in these mountain states, at least, has a year been so consistently beautiful, so voluptuously lovely, plump, golden-haired and merry-eyed. Beginning with an ermine robed Winter, she followed with ideal Spring, gorgeous Summer, full-throated Fall, and mild and tender Winter. Nature was at her best: only men and women were out of tune—too confused to enjoy what the year had brought.

So, hello, 1933! We have a feeling that you will be right—beautiful, winsome, free-hearted, and kind. We fear only the men and women. We have been struggling so selfishly, trampling under foot the finest gifts of all, confused by the rattle of coins here and there that we may not have learned our lesson yet; or if we have, we may not be able to get a new program started quickly enough to take advantage of your days. Yet . . . hello, 1933, we're going to try to get straight with the universe and not dash ourselves to pieces upon the shoals cast up by broken laws.

One who is wiser than we said:

"No man can serve two masters:
For either he will hate the one, and love the other,
Or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.
Ye cannot serve God and mammon (money)."
—H. R. M.

Community Medical Centers May Come

UNDOUBTEDLY the fear of disease, operations, and child-rearing is exaggerated by the fear of the expense involved. As people are pressed down near to the bare-existence mark, especially people who have been in fairly good circumstances, this fear increases.

A broken arm for Johnnie, a few bad tonsils among the other children, and a broken tooth making a bridge necessary for Bill can easily throw panic into a family, and may result in neglect or near starvation. A major operation such as one

for appendicitis or some other internal trouble may keep a family in bondage to the doctor or the hospital or the bank for years.

On the other hand, doctors, in some cases, have a hard time making a go of it. They have found collections difficult. Some have even gone so far as to talk the possibility of payment over a man whose appendix is almost at the breaking stage.

The lay man has long contended that costs of medical attention are far too high. Think of a farmer's being called upon to pay a one hundred and fifty or a two hundred dollar doctor bill for an operation for his daughter. The doctor performs the operation in a few minutes; the farmer takes his surplus for a year or even more according to the condition of his farm to pay the bill. Yet, some of the doctors maintain that they cannot render excellent service for less. They declare truly that their skill has come through great expenditure of both time and money.

A committee on costs of medical care, according to the Associated Press, in a report made public recently figured that the nation's "medical dollar" is distributed about as follows: physicians in private practice, 29.8 cents; hospitals, 23.4; dentists, 12.2 cents; medicines, 18.2; public health, 3.3 cents; nurses, 5.5; cultists, 3.4 cents; all others 4.2 cents. The same committee also made the following comparisons between U. S. soldiers killed during the recent world war by wounds or in battle, and the number who lost their lives in this country in 1930 "through largely preventive causes": killed in war, 50,285; killed by tuberculosis, 88,088; killed by cancer, 119,818; infant deaths, 138,845."

It is quite certain that with a community medical set-up many deaths from certain diseases could be prevented. People would make more frequent calls upon the physician and would call him earlier giving him a better chance to cope with the disease.

The committee which has been studying the medical situation for five years, in its report suggested that these medical centers could be maintained by means of group insurance or of taxation or of both.

Health clinics in school districts and in cities have done much toward alleviating suffering. Doctors and dentists have been liberal with their time and in some cases even with their medicine. Some of them have even advocated some form of community medical set-up, believing that, after all, service to the people is important, yet there are many difficulties in the way.

Forward looking people, however, will not desist until some plan for more general medical attention is worked out. The burden of disease has become unbearable. Large industrial plants have solved the problem by taxing all of their workers a reasonable fee for medical attention and hospitalization. There can be no good reason why communities can not do the same.—H. R. M.

Editorial

America and Book of Mormon

*I*N this issue *The Improvement Era* is printing a great deal of matter which deals with ancient and modern America. These two vast continents, to the Latter-day Saints, are far more than mere stretches of land and power and mineral for exploitation—they are the Promised Lands, in very deed. The Latter-day Saint is constantly on the alert to catch glimpses of prehistoric life as it was lived within these two gigantic triangles which stretch almost from pole to pole. Some people are all the time looking for evidences of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon; others accept the Book of Mormon without question and seek for knowledge of America's ancient peoples for the knowledge itself. We have published here a various assortment of material and are willing to allow our readers to form their own conclusions concerning it.

Community Beautification

THE Senior class of the M. I. A. is studying this winter problems of the Twentieth Century. Among these is mentioned community beautification.

If the class stops at talk, then the course, in that particular, will be a failure. Talk which does not lead to action is dead, irrevocably dead. How fine, on the other hand, could that class be if it would force the group to go out into the community and make surveys and plans for a beauty drive next spring.

The late and much lamented Emil Hansen, gardener and beautifier at the Utah State Agricultural College, left a number of monuments in bettered communities which far exceed in value to posterity the costly marble and granite ornaments which we so often effect. He once said that there are—some of them may have been removed by now—five thousand dead and unsightly trees which can be seen from the cement highway between Spanish Fork and Provo.

Every community has its warts and wens and bunions, so to speak. Most of the communities, especially the smaller ones, need only organization and leadership such as the M. I. A. Senior Class offers to change them into beautiful places in which to dwell.

Why couldn't the class, with the support and aid of the bishop, the mayor, or the officers in charge, organize to make a survey. Old and unsightly trees could be used to advantage this winter by

those out of wood and without money with which to purchase coal. Many an unemployed man would be happy to have some one offer him a tree for the removing. Many old fences should be removed, especially in towns where they are no longer a necessity. Scores of sidewalks need a bit of gravel which could be secured during the winter with ease.

We would suggest, then, at the beginning of this new year that talk is cheap, but that it takes leadership and muscle to solve problems, especially in Community Beautification.

Why not make that town or community of yours a place to which you might proudly invite the President of the Church or of the United States?—H. R. M.

Released

MISS LILLIS PALMER, of Alton, Utah, who filled a mission in the Central States, died from septic poisoning following an operation for appendicitis at Independence, Missouri, on November 12, 1932, after having been in the mission field almost one year to the day. She left for her mission November 18, 1931.

Miss Palmer had been working in the office at Mission headquarters where her efficient service and sunny disposition won the admiration and love of all those connected with the mission. Elder Samuel O. Bennion, President of the mission, who accompanied the body to Miss Palmer's home in Alton, spoke highly of the young lady and her work.

Rearred in Alton, Kane County, nearly one hundred miles beyond the end of the railroad, Miss Palmer had never visited Salt Lake City and had rarely ever seen a train until she accepted her call to fill a mission. Her schooling and home training, however, made it possible for her to fit into the mission routine in a perfect manner. The labors she performed will long be remembered.

Though the young lady had the best of care and seemed to rally from the operation splendidly, she had a premonition of approaching death, and declared that she was willing and ready to go. This word delivered in person by President Bennion was comforting to relatives and friends who awaited the sad home-coming in Alton.

While in Alton there were tears, somewhere there were smiles as the far traveler was welcomed home after her honorable release from her mission to this teeming earth.



Miss Lillis Palmer



Salvage

By Will Dobson

OUT of the deafening battle roar,
Throbbing its rhythmic beat;
Out of the thunder that pulses o'er
Valleys of ravaged wheat;
Out of the din that stuns the ear,
Rises for him attuned to hear,
Music divinely sweet.

Out of the shock of searing death.
Freighted with agony;
Torture that crushes the victim's breath.
Such its intensity;
Out of the rigors of blinding pain,
Blossom—as flowers in April rain—
Moments of ecstasy.

Last Night

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

LAST night Poe walked in Old Town;
At Lexington and Gay
He stared across the Plaza,
Where white mists from the bay
Were trysting with the street-lamps.
Ghost-roses in the gloom;
Last night Poe walked in Old Town
With dreams of Ulalume.

Last night Poe walked in Old Town;
His lips were sweet with mirth,
As he came from the shadows
To tread the ways of earth;
There was no aching sorrow;
As he heard distant chimes;
Last night Poe walked in Old Town
With wreaths of olden rhymes.

Last night Poe walked in Old Town;
He came back through the years,
His soul cleansed of its doubt,
His eyes freed from their tears;
In sad ways changed to glad ways
He found his dreams once more;
Last night Poe walked in Old Town
With his long-lost Lenore.

Unfinished Business

By Bess Foster Smith

IM going to file away and set
In order all my days gone by,
So I'll have cause for no regret
When I am called to classify.

The A's can have my arrogance,
The B's the bad bets I have made,
The C's can take that foolish chance,
The D's the discards I have played.

Then further on within the L's
As past the grumbling G's I shove,
The file on which my memory dwells,
Will be the one containing love.

Consign to P's my foolish pride,
In dusty archives of the past,
Keep love, where it can be applied,
Unfinished business, to the last.

Foreboding

By Frances Hall

WHOM I am I
That life should smile and pass
me by,
Giving to others grief and pain—
To me the glad, sweet scent of rain, —
Young feet to run along the hills,
Bright days swept free of fettering ills?
Is there held for me in store
Something more?

I wonder, when
I see poor, twisted hulks of men
With tortured courage in their eyes
And merit dressed in sad disguise,
Why I should ride in cushioned ease
And take earth's riches as I please.
Will there dawn some thundering day
When I must pay?

Shall I come
Some starry night from dancing home,
Chattering in gay frivolity;
And sudden catch my breath to see
That life at last has gone before
To leave a gift beside my door,
A foundling with a heart-wrung plea—
Tragedy?

Books

By Edith Cherrington

FOR me they answered a gypsy dream.
I had longed to be a rover,
They brought me tales of foreign trails
They followed—the whole world over.
They brought the salty tang of the sea
From over my horizon
Of mountain crests that bare their breasts
For earth to rest her skies on.

While duty held me firmly bound
Beside the fire at home,
The heart of me has wandered free,
As Gypsy hearts will roam.
I have followed where they have led
Beyond the rut of cares,
And I have grown until my own
Adventure beggars theirs.



Dancers in White
By Mrs. Sina B. Holbrook,
Provo, Utah

Reminder

By Cristel Hastings

IT'S June in my heart when I think of you,
June in a garden I know!
With the warm sweet breath of a rose
that haunts
Each little path I go!

It's June in my heart when the chill winds
bring
The rain to my window-pane!
When I think of you it seems I hear
A robin down the lane!

What does it matter when trees stand bare
In the mists that hide the blue?
There's room for only June in my heart
Whenever I think of you!

Winter

By Agnes Just Reid

WINDOWS blurred with steam,
Floors littered with toys,
Chairs made into cumbersome trains,
Air filled with odorous cooking,
Men stamping snow from heavy overshoes,
Steaming wet things draped around the kitchen range.

I hate winter.

Windows painted by fairy fingers,
Snow piled and drifted
Into grotesque, picturesque things;
Peace, beauty, everywhere.
Children shouting eagerly, bright fire crackling,
Savory things cooking, Christmas in the offing.
I love winter.

Union

By Alberta Huish Christensen

PERHAPS your phrases, always logic
seasoned—
Perhaps you were betrayed by caustic jest;
That you would never know, I sadly reasoned.

How warm are fires kindled in the breast,
But when you leaned your gleaming head
last night
Against that ragged ledge—as one who
fills
His soul on beauty, watched a lone gull's flight,
You drank the wine of twilight in the hills,
And in that instant, as one roused from sleep,
I knew that I had wronged you. Not alone
I feel the earth's deep rhythm, seasons
creep
Into the crumbling crevices of stone.

No length of space, though it out-reach
the sun,
Can ever part us now; for we are one!

Our Slogan

By DORIS DALBY

A Gleaner Girl, winner of the Church championship in public speaking—1932



IN the early history of the Christian Church, Peter and John were brought before the Sanhedrin and commanded that they must not preach in Jerusalem any more in the name of Jesus. Peter answered them and said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye"—and they went right on preaching as though nothing had happened. Shortly after this, they were again taken before the council, and the high priests in great anger said to them, "Did not we straitly command that ye should not teach in this name? and behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and you intend to bring this man's blood upon us!" Peter and the other apostles answered him and said, "We ought to obey God rather than man."

That's what we mean by standing for something. Peter stood for a testimony concerning the risen Christ, and without the least bit of fear on his part, defied the very council that had condemned and put Jesus to death.

And so when we say—"We stand for physical, mental, and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom," we must realize that it is more than simply a repetition of words; it is a covenant that we enter into with God and each other that we will seek moral and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom.

GREAT men and women in every age have always stood for something. There was Joseph, a slave in Egypt, who stood for his ideal of virtue in the face of a temptation that was overwhelming. From every human stand-

point, it was to his advantage to keep the friendship and goodwill of his master's wife. She could advance his interests, perhaps free him from bondage. Her ill will might mean disgrace, even death. But Joseph didn't hesitate in making his choice. He dared to say, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" How brave he was! What splendid courage he had! The stand that he took against this determined woman's request made her his bitter enemy. She falsely accused him, and he was thrown into a dungeon where he spent several years. But he never lost faith—and finally he emerged from his prison to sit next to the throne of the king of Egypt, and rule the land that he had entered as a slave.

How different is the story of Samson. His birth was announced to his parents by an angel—with the remarkable promise, "He shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines." With such a destiny in store for him, he should have been one of the heroes and saviors of Israel. But he disappointed the high hopes of his parents and people. Instead of standing for the ideals and liberty of Israel, he wasted his time and strength, seeking pleasure and dissipation among the Philistines. He was more intent on having a good time than in preparing himself for the mission that God had marked out for him. He stood for nothing that was worthy or noble. His feats of strength were actuated solely to gratify his own selfish desires rather than by any love for his country or his God. His life was a tragic failure—and a warning to the young people of this generation that the gratifications of their physical appetites and desires at the expense of the ideals which God has given them will lead to failure and ruin.

THEN there is the story of Daniel and his three Hebrew friends. They did not make the mistake of falling into the ways of their associates. Surely it must have appeared foolish for them to jeopardize their future prospects by raising an issue on a matter so trifling as the kind of food to eat. They were far from home—slaves really in a foreign land. Why let the question of a little wine or meat stand in the way of their advancement to honor and distinction? But they had certain principles of conduct by which they proposed to govern their lives. Their religion was very dear to them. They must stand by their principles at any cost. What inspiration there is in such an attitude! How thrilling it is to know that such men have lived—showing us how to stand for our ideals.

Our own great prophet, Joseph Smith, in the face of ridicule, slander, persecution, mob-violence, imprisonment, and death—stood for his testimony concerning his vision from God. There was no side-stepping, no faltering, no equivocation, no lack of courage. On the steps of the Carthage jail the night before he was murdered, he bore witness to the truth of his message to mankind. He knew that his death was imminent. There was no escape from the fate which his enemies had decreed for him. But he stood—steadfast to the end, and sanctified his life with the glory of a martyr's crown.

OUR grandfathers and grandmothers stood for something in their day. They left their homes, their loved ones, everything they had and came out into these valleys because of their loyalty to their religion and its principles. Shall we be any less valiant in defense of our ideals than they were? We don't have exactly the same problems to meet. We don't have to face mobs and be turned away from

our homes because we choose to believe something that the rest of the world doesn't accept. But we do have problems just as difficult. We do have to face the jeers and ridicule of our friends and associates because we stand for this ideal that I have mentioned tonight. Do we have the courage, the fortitude to say "No!" when temptation presents itself in an enticing way? Every Tuesday night we have said we have—and we will.

To the heroes of our faith we owe a debt that cannot easily be paid back. They have shown us the meaning of courage and valor—from them we draw inspiration and guidance. We shall not face mediocrity and be common by doing things that the rest of the world is doing. On every occasion, and in every place—we will stand for our slogan and the principles we know to be right.

O Gleaner Girls and M Men—let us live this principle — our Word of Wisdom! No other church has anything like it. It was given for our spiritual as well as our temporal salvation. It is the word of God. Let us be like Peter when he said, "We ought to obey God rather than man." In the youth of the Church lies its future glory. We shall not fail those heroic men and women who severed their earthly ties and placed their all upon the altar to establish this work. God helping us we will walk in the path that they have marked out for us at such an infinite cost.

WE will stand for this ideal. We want to be physically, mentally, and spiritually alert and strong, and this will come through observance of the Word of Wisdom. We will show the world how much an ideal really means to a Latter-day Saint boy or girl. Yes, let it be known everywhere that we stand for the Word of Wisdom, and in the years to come—we will thank God that we had the courage to stand for it in the days of our youth. The young men and women of our church who have gone out into the world and have lived this commandment—have won the honor and respect of good men and women everywhere. Like Joseph of old, they have risen from obscurity to fame and prominence—like Daniel, they have stood before the mighty and been the counselors to rulers



"M-m—Good!"

and statesmen. But better than all else, they have remained true to their people and loyal to the church and kingdom of God on earth. Let us walk in the light which

God has revealed to us and carry the banner of health and righteousness to the ends of the earth!

"O Lord, we thank thee for all those who have dared to stand for their ideals, even in the days of their youth. May we become more like them—fearless, loyal, and zealous for thee. Reveal to us the source of their courage and strength, and help us to cultivate these moral qualities. Thou hast made us in thine own image and likeness. We pray that we may never debase that image by indulgence and sin—but stand firm and immovable in the face of all the forces and temptations that would seek to degrade or destroy our souls. Amen."

Note: To the Gleaner Girl who wins the 1933 championship *The Improvement Era* will present a scholarship worth \$70.00, good for one year's tuition at Brigham Young University.

Exhibition of the Utah Art Institute

By B. F. LARSON

THE artists and the art patrons of Utah have been looking forward with considerable interest to The Annual Exhibition of The Utah Art Institute which is being held in January this year. Utah has an art organization sponsored by the state. This is somewhat unusual in America. The American politicians, as a group, have taken very little interest in art and it is, indeed, unusual, in this country, for a state legislature to vote money for the holding of exhibitions of fine art, for the purchase of pictures and gallery statuary, and for educational propaganda in the field of art. Utah has asserted significant leadership here.

When Utah was very young—to be exact, when the state was but three years old—a woman championed the cause of art and succeeded in passing a bill through the third legislature which has had much to do with art history in this section. This woman is Alice Merrill Horne who is one of the most consistent friends of art to be found in this country.

Mrs. Horne was elected to the House of Representatives with an expressed determination to work for the development of art in Utah.

The result was the creation of the Utah Art Institute under the

direct control of a governing board consisting of five members. This board is charged with the responsibility of leadership in the promotion of art in this state. Under its direction the state has acquired many works of art, at present housed in the State Gallery, Capitol Building, at Salt Lake City.

Last year the state collection was enlarged by assembling The State Collection and The State Fair Collection in the same galleries. This was accomplished by the Institute Board with the cooperation of the State Fair Board and the generous help of Mrs. D. W. Moffit, director of the State Fair Art Department.

It is uncommon in America to see a governor, a secretary of state, and other high state officials participating in the conduct of an exhibition of art sponsored and controlled by the state. This is just what happened in Utah last year. It is being repeated again in January, 1933, through the activity of the thirty-first Annual Exhibition of the Utah Art Institute. About sixty Utah artists are participating.

By visiting the current exhibition and the permanent collection, housed in the same building, one may obtain both a cross section and an historic view of art in Utah.

The Word of Wisdom

By ELWIN GARFIELD

An M Man, winner of the Church championship in public speaking—1932



THE Glory of God is Intelligence." This principle holds an important place in the thoughts and teachings of the leaders of this church.

The greatest intelligence can be obtained only by the balanced growth of our physical, mental and spiritual selves.

Most important to young people is the knowledge that such growth and development can be obtained only by a thorough observance of the "Word of Wisdom."

The "Word of Wisdom" as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith is the most significant code of healthful living yet given to man. It has three main features. (1) condemnation of tobacco, alcohol and all hot drinks, (2) moderation in the use of meats, (3) adoption of a diet largely vegetarian.

Indeed so inclusive of important health rules is the Word of Wisdom that no one lives it in its entirety.

Since the campaign against the use of tobacco and alcohol is a paramount issue in the church at the present time, it would be wise to consider their effects on our spiritual, mental and physical stature.

The revelation on the Word of Wisdom relative to tobacco and strong drinks says, "And again strong drinks are not for the belly but for the washing of your bodies. And again tobacco is not for the body but is an herb to be used with judgment and skill."

It is popularly supposed that civilized man's use of tobacco extends back to the time of the lowly Indian. There is, however, historical data to indicate that its use in China reaches far beyond Columbus and his memorable age. So the widespread use of tobacco has been centuries in the growing.

Today manufacturers of tobacco are expending millions of dollars

in an intense drive to increase the sale and use of their products.

Millions are being spent in an effort to repeal the Volstead act. Thousands of people by endorsing these campaigns are literally selling their souls for a few pieces of silver. The late Knute Rockne was offered \$2000 to sign a testimonial to the effect that his athletes always used a certain brand of tobacco because it did not hurt their wind. What about people endorsing the various brands of tobacco? They have placed so small a price upon the virtues of honesty and truth that their testimony can mean little.

There is a mountain of irrefutable evidence proving that tobacco is injurious to the body. It seems strange indeed that any one could take up the habit of its use.

The chief poison in tobacco is nicotine—a poison so deadly that two or three drops of it will cause instantaneous death from heart failure.

In this respect it is as dangerous as strychnine, which in very small quantities acts as a stimulant to the heart, but in larger quantities causes violent death. And what sane, healthy person would dare to take daily doses of strychnine?

Tobacco smoke weakens the linings of the lungs and makes them an easy prey for respiratory diseases. This was proved conclusively during the influenza epidemic of 1918—the habitual tobacco user had so injured the linings of his lungs that he lost his fight with the disease.

Does Charley Paddock, the world's famous sprinter, dare to smoke? Could he have established his string of world's records if he had poisoned his heart with nicotine? He says, "Most disastrous is the effect of tobacco on the nervous system. It so excites and disarranges the nervous system that a normally calm and agreeable person becomes an irascible and an ill tempered one if long separated from the drug."

As for the effects of tobacco upon mental efficiency, Hudson Max-

im, noted inventor says, "The wreath of cigarette smoke, which curls about the head of a growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip as surely as does the iron shoe the feet of a Chinese girl."

COLLEGES and universities conducting investigations into the relative standards of users and non-users show in every case that the non-user stands higher in his scholastic endeavors than the user.

Professor Baines, who examined class records at Harvard, showed that for fifty years not one tobacco user had stood at the head of his class—notwithstanding the fact that five out of every six students were smokers.

Smoking is becoming so prevalent among the American women that according to Dr. D. H. Kress, noted neurologist, "The whole American nation will suffer and the physical tone of the entire nation will be lowered."

Dr. Barber claims that 60% of the babies born of cigarette smoking mothers die before they are two years old. Surely the women of America have a duty to perform—the duty of giving to our nation children strong of body and clear of mind.

Tobaccoism is the rankest sort of slavery for which we pay the strength of our physique, the vigor and clarity of our mind and the honesty and integrity of our souls.

What about alcohol? Years before prohibition the American Medical Association passed the following resolution: RESOLVED, that we discontinue the use of alcohol as a beverage. Be it further resolved that we discontinue the use of alcohol in medical cases.

Alcohol not only affects the parent, but his posterity as well. Children born of drunken mothers have poisons of alcohol in their blood, causing subsequent defectiveness, lowered resistance, and even death.

Do you know that some of the most atrocious crimes in history are

committed in the name of intoxication?

What an alibi for a man given by the grace of God the opportunity to be physically strong, mentally alive and spiritually great: "I was intoxicated."

In reference to the observance of the Word of Wisdom the Heavenly Father has given us this promise, "And all Saints who remember to do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall run and not be weary and shall walk and not faint, and I the Lord give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass them by as the children of Israel and not slay them."

After reading this inspirational promise it seems more than passing strange, that we, a supposedly intelligent and enlightened people could lightly and carelessly pass by the glory that might be ours.

Since time immemorial mankind has worshiped a God or Gods whose attribute was physical perfection. Is not this as it should be, for is not the body the temple of the soul?

Not that physical perfection is all important, but an unclean body warps the soul within to fit the outward expressions.

We would not defile the temples we have built, but do we think of the manner in which we are defiling the temples God has created when we take up habits of smoking and drinking?

WHEN we know that tobacco and alcohol often cause deformities in children brought into this world are we not committing an almost unforgivable sin when we take up the habit of its use? We are playing the part of Judah when we betray the rights of those coming after us for the sake of a cigarette or a drink of the cup that cheers?

Why are we forced to put up with these evils? Has the sun of reason been obscured by the smoke screen of half-truths and fake claims sent out by tobacco interests and alcohol brewers?

It is up to the young men and young women of the M. I. A. to fight this battle. We are in a strategic position. Our physical, mental and spiritual efficiency must be of the best if we are to win the fight that threatens to overwhelm

us. Have we not the spiritual courage to face it?

Future generations will applaud our efforts and success will crown our lives if we stand firmly for physical, mental and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom. This fight is ours, and the echo of its victory will be heard in the lives of those yet unborn, and they too will hear the Desert singing: "Carry on; Hills and vales and mountains

ringing. Carry on; Holding aloft our colors, we march in a glorious dawn, Oh! youth of a noble birthright, Carry On! Carry On! Carry On!"

Note: To the M Man who wins the 1933 championship *The Improvement Era* will present a scholarship worth \$70.00, good for a year's tuition at Brigham Young University.

§ Great American Women

Continued from page 154

familiar with the customs and traditions of the natives, so that many times she saved the handful of Spaniards from destruction. And on more than one occasion her knowledge of the native customs and her keen sense of discernment enabled her to detect plots of native tribes along the way, to destroy the Spaniards.

The detection of these carefully laid plots confirmed the Indian's belief that the Spaniards were supernatural. The natives felt helpless before a people who, as they thought, could read their very thoughts and so on many occasions surrendered after a short resistance. Dona Marina's advice helped on many of these encounters.

Through the entire conquest of Mexico, Dona Marina was constantly with Cortez.* Eventually she became his wife and companion ruler of the conquered people. From a military standpoint she was one of the heroes of the conquest; from a political standpoint she was one of the great rulers of Spanish America. And because of her help and kindness to the natives she is still one of the patron saints of Mexico. Their reverence for her is shown by a current belief that she frequently appears in a memorial grove near the city of Mexico in the later twilight, still watching over her people. She has been honored by memorials and estates both from the Spanish government and the natives of Mexico.

*It is true that the conquest of Mexico in which this great woman played so an important a part, was attended with many cruelties. But competent historians are agreed that the Spanish conquest in Mexico was not more cruel than the English conquest in America. And Dona Marina did much to soften it toward her people, the Indians.

While she remained loyal to the Spanish she also remained merciful to her native people. She saved many lives and many towns from destruction. She served as a mediator to the conquered and the conqueror.

ON one of her visits to a conquered province the native rulers, a woman and her son were called in. There was a striking resemblance of rare beauty between the woman and Dona Marina. She was Dona Marina's mother. She had sold her daughter into slavery and now stood in terror before the rulers of Mexico, anticipating a just punishment. Dona Marina, however, put her arms around her mother and assured her that she was forgiven; offering at the same time some of her own rich jewels. Her sympathy and kindness tempered the Spanish rule. In the most distant provinces as well as in her own household her influence was felt.

The training this great woman gave to her servants was so admirable that many of the Indian princes sent their own daughters to serve in her household. From her they learned the importance of simplicity and correctness in dress, proper manners and behavior on the street and profited by her moral teachings.

As these teachings were given to the daughters of the ruling groups they were in turn given to other servants and the natives of their provinces. So that her wisdom and teaching spread through all of Mexico and her name has come down in history as a patron saint of the Mexican people.

WATCH for our Photograph Contest—Indoor announcement next month.

Silver Linings

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

FUN? Yes. All kinds of it! Where? At the movies? Wrong. Not this time. Joy riding? Nor that. Guess again. Well then, Bridge? Of course not. How could you! Youth—age also, if not more so—having a flair for entertainment and an apprehension of being bored is seeking a reply to the old query, "What shall we do?"

The reply is a conspiracy against the lure of the gilt-edge attractions of modern life — and it centers around the home.

We are going indoors—and not merely to drop the old hat upon the rack and snatch a hurried bite, the last mouthful of which will be swallowed on the way out again; or to shout to mom, dad, or children, as the case may be, that we're in, but we'll soon be out—Oh no! We've come in to bide awhile, and we shall ask our friends to join us.

We might have many a good time around our own firesides by fostering family spirit and opening wide the door of hospitality. Let's exchange home personalities. The little things you do and say, your pictures and your treasures bespeak your most charming self. And I love your parties! Do you like mine?

WITH nothing but the time to spend let's do it well and get the crowd together for some fun and frolic. Shall we give the adolescents a jollification first? How's this for their delightful diversion —a circus! Invitations? Colored handbills; inscribed thereon with an original jingle and a tinted sketch of a circus tent or a stenciled clown, done by hand, not at the printer's. For example:

You're invited to come to a circus tent show,



And get ready when here, with two minutes to go,

To do some performing above or below,
Like being a queen on a high trapeze,
Or taking the part of an elephant's sneeze.
Or maybe a hippopotamus' wheeze.

So dress up for the part and act up for it, too.

From your high bangled hat to your low spangled shoe,
And without more ado strut your best ballyhoo.

ON the big night each guest comes in character, contrived from nothing costing more than no cents—or sense. O! For instance the members of the menagerie can make a lion's or a tiger's head and face, or such-like, from heavy paper. Ravelled rope is good for

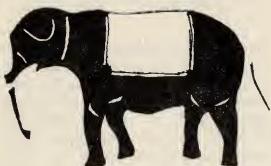
manes, and a broomstick makes an elegant neck for a giraffe; just cover it and your own neck with some wired burlap and put a false head on the end of the broomstick. Make it out of paper and otherwise useless cloth. Any one could rig up a clown's costume these days if he has saved any old clothes at all from the call of charity. Make your own warts and artificial nose from the children's modelling clay. The guests should come prepared to do a stunt, character *au naturel*. The best performer gets the most sham money with which to buy pink lemonade and to patronize the side shows, among which there might be a thin lady consisting of a painted skeleton; or a baby with two heads which is made of a headless doll to which two cardboard dollars, pasted together with heads out, have been attached; or have any old sights. Make them up for yourself, something grotesque. You can.

One of the ring feats is tinged with Black Magic. One person lies straight out on the floor. Four people, all smaller, stand two on each side of him. These four extend the arms and hands above their heads and then bend over to touch the floor, keeping the knees straight. They do this in unison three times. Instead of a fourth time they hold their breath, stoop over, and all together, place their hands under the shoulders and legs of the reclining person who is also holding his breath, and thus they lift him high above their heads. Every one in the room should maintain silence and a sober face to make a go of this. But oh how it works!

Animal Alphabet is an interesting game to play at a circus party. The group is divided into two lines, facing. The first on one side names an animal, whose name begins with "A". The next names another

"A" animal, and so it continues, from side to side. When one side cannot name another "A" animal, and loses a player to the other side, it names a "B" and all the animals with this initial are named, by members of alternating sides. The side having the greatest number of players at the end of the game wins.

A GOOD circus game is played with toy balloons. Buy them deflated, they are cheap that way,



and blow them up with air; do not attach sticks. Give one to each guest and see who can keep his up the longest by blowing on it; no one is allowed to touch it with his hands. You could also play a game with the balloons in which every one takes sides; Extend a string between two walls. Now then, see which side can pile up the highest score. Each time any one gets a balloon over the string and has it touch the floor in his opponent's area his side gets five points. The balloons can be bounced and projected with head, hand, shoulders, elbows, or any way that you might rule.

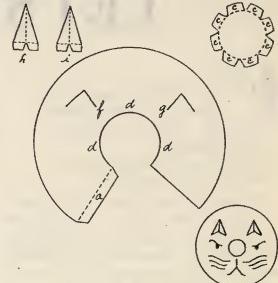
If our youthful guests are exhausted by this time let's refresh them with a bite to eat. If we serve buffet style we can have an intriguing centerpiece in the form of a small circus tent made from orange cloth draped around anything round, a man's hat box, for example, with a roof shaped over stiff hexagonally folded paper. Stenciled circus figures around the sides are quite thrilling, and garden flowers, autumn leaves, or berries of mountain ash arranged on the top of the tent or out from the sides make it very pretty. An animal cracker parade will keep the menagerie from feeling lonesome. We'll stand the animal crackers up with a little frosting on nabiscos or any small crackers. Home made popcorn balls with a cardboard or crepe paper clown standing upright on them make ravishing favors. The salad can be shaped in any appropriate form suggestive of a circus. A trapeze girl with her

face, hands and arms, and feet and legs, made from crabmeat or slices of apple is adorable. Her features are hinted at with pimento, parsley, or nuts; her bodice is a small piece of lettuce on which is sprinkled grated cheese, and the skirt is a dainty flare of orange or grapefruit half sections. Let's have peanuts too, and apples for this barbaric jamboree. A circus it will be indeed!

HERE'S an idea for an international party. As each guest is invited, designate a country whose flag he is to know and which he will represent at the party with a characteristic folk dance, witty story or stunt. Make your own set of flags for all nations by copying the pictures of them you can find in any large dictionary or encyclopedia. Use colored crayons and pieces of white cloth 4 x 6 inches in measurement. You'll be surprised how easily they're made and how natty they look. Attach them to small round sticks which you can gild and buy for almost nothing at any candy factory. Number the flags and place them around the room. Provide each guest with paper and pencil. Call the guests forward by number to do their stunts, and as each one

For instance, if the flag were Italy's spaghetti act might jog the memory a bit.

Carry your scheme of many countries through the evening by putting on an Olympic meet. Vary the antique track meets we used to hold with an innovation or two. Pun your friends' names with their exploitations as you announce the events. A game of egg football



Directions for head and face of any animal. Fold on all dotted lines, cut on all solid lines. Paste a under b (b is opposite a. Engraver omitted it.) Paste c under d after a has been pasted under b. Paste h and i under f and g. Add features. Make in any desired proportion according to animal.



puts on his performance, the others write down the name of the country for which the flag stands, opposite the corresponding number on his card. In case the flags are not recognized there might come stimulus from the nature of the feat.

is exciting. Mark off either end of the dining room table with checkers, dominoes, or what you will, for the opposite goals. The players, who are provided with fans, divide into two teams and stand at either end. The football is an egg which has been blown. The object of the game is to get the ball, which is placed in the center of the table, over the opponent's goal line by fanning it along. A play is foul and should be penalized by a forfeit of half the distance which has been gained by the offending side for the following reasons: If the egg is touched by the fingers or clothing, if it is struck by a fan, or if the egg is blown out of bounds and off the table.

Tissue-paper races are lots of fun. Each player has a 12 inch square of different-colored tissue paper. The paper is to be blown or wafted across any distance set. It is much simpler to say than it is to do.

And for refreshments choose some country and carry out a significant idea in representing it. Japanese flower arrangements or garden scenes are alluring and different from the ordinary floral cen-

terpiece, if you wish to suggest that nation. Steamed wild rice with a sauce of creamed chicken giblets is delicious. The giblets are very inexpensive if bought at a restaurant or "chicken inn." This dish might make you think of the Land of the Rising Sun inasmuch as you have foreign nations on the brain. Or if you are a little fearful of that idea as being too subtle, you might have the host eat his rice concoction with chop sticks. Rice cakes are dainty and go well with apple cider.

But let's not have all our fun at parties. It is too great a privilege to belong to a nice family not to have some good times within one's own circle. Happy memories and traditions fairly cluster about "home evenings." Wouldn't you like to try them in your family? Doubtless they will become more than *occasional* for they are bound to be popular.

THAT night, let's have something extra nice for dinner and wear our next-to-best, provided we have one. It's quite exciting for each person to come to dinner in *mental character*. Specify beforehand the kind of person to be portrayed, whether he is to be some notoriety from the Hall of Fame or one's favorite book friend. Any adolescent would think it a heap of fun to be Penrod, who eats like a Goop, or Miss Dainty might prefer to be Beth or Amy. Speak and act identically as the person you have chosen would, and let the others guess who you are.

Much hidden talent has been brought to light when there's been a real incentive to find it. Evenings in your own living room and at your own piano are often inexpressibly delightful. One favorite pastime is shadow pantomime. This may be played in two ways. In either case hang a sheet in a wide doorway. The room in which the audience sits should be darkened while the other one is light. One child, or more than one, acts the story of any nursery rhyme, in pantomime. Little Jack Horner or Miss Muffet can be very vital shadows. Or any set of jointed dolls and figures made out of heavy paper, such as a woodman, his axe and tree, or a boy and a snowball is very amusing when the paper dolls come to life behind the sheet. You can buy the tiny brads for fastening the joints to-

gether at any school supply company.

And here are some other games for your entertainment at home evenings, although you might introduce them at almost any kind of party. "Composite Drawings" should cause a riot of laughter among both young and old. Seat four people at a table. One makes a comic head, folds the paper under and passes it to his neighbor, who adds a comic body without seeing the head and passes it along, folded under, to another, who puts on the hands and arms, and so on. The funniest drawing of the evening merits a reward, such as the privilege of forming a tableau like the comic drawing.

HAVING stimulated the artistic genius of the party in this way it might be interesting to follow up with another drawing game called "Hidden Titles." Various titles of plays, books, or motion pictures are written on small slips of paper which are also numbered. These are folded over and one is given to each person who conceals the title from all others. An easel or its substitute is set up, on which large pieces of numbered paper have been tacked. The players, in the order of their numbers, illustrate



Era Hour
By Mr. and Mrs. Hyrum Crofts,
Seattle, Wash.

with crayon or charcoal the titles which have been assigned to them, not illustrative of the story, but of the title only. The titles are guessed at by the drawings and written down. "The Rise of Rosy O' Grady" was once illustrated with an explosion of dynamite throwing a caricatured woman high in the air.

If you can't find the hidden title how would you like to find some hidden persons? Two people think of a deep, dark, hiding place for an imaginary fugitive. The others are allowed twenty questions in which to find his whereabouts. All the answers must be Yes or No. One of the questioners should keep track of the queries and the answers on paper so that the cross-examiners may study them and consult about their next questions. If the game is played carefully almost any place of concealment can be unearthed in twenty questions. A good way to begin is to determine the hemisphere, then the surroundings, ocean, mountains or desert. It is astonishing how well the poor fugitive can be hunted down. One was once surprised in an underground tunnel on Mt. Everest.

Look around your garden for available home and table decorations. For duck dinner one hostess used a low rustic basket filled with gourds for her centerpiece. Have you ever seen them? They are very easy to raise; if you should plant some, choose a package of mixed seed so that you can have an interesting variety. Some of these were hook necked and their color changed abruptly from orange to green. Others were round, and some were long, with striped green and lemon color like miniature watermelons. Different ones were plain yellow and some were clear green, but all were small and very engaging. Some were spilled out purposely on the white cloth where they lay among some bronze red autumn leaves which had been arranged artistically around the basket.

I hope you have a lovely time at your parties and home evenings!

(Some of the games mentioned here have been taken from "The Book of Diversions," by Adams, Taylor, and Bechdolt.)

The Modern Trends In Education

within courses which not only restrict requirements for the less able but also point the way to enrichment and leadership for the more capable.

4. Individual instruction outlines in the basic learning skills so that pupils may make continual progress at their own rate without sacrificing the social and ethical values of proper grade placement.

5. Special club work or periods of pupil choice of activity which encourages initiative and cultivates originality.

In the elimination of competition as a primary motive in school work have come some of the most striking changes in details of management. The old arbitrary standards for "passing" are gradually going away. Marks were originally used to designate a measure of the absolute learning achievement of pupils. This resulted in the traditionally large numbers of school failures. An early adjustment was to make marks relative. This was accomplished by the use of what is known technically as the normal distribution curve, or by the use of sectioning and marking on the basis of different courses of study in the sections. But competition remained as a dominant motive with all of its attendant sorrow and disappointment. Gradually marks are giving way entirely to descriptive statements of educational progress of each child in each subject and branch of work. Pupil classification is becoming a method of organizing each fall or each half year for purposes of instruction and modern education is removing the stigma of the pupil who does not keep up in a race of impossibility in specific intellectual lines. In vigorous language Dr. George D. Strayer told a group of University professors and students in 1926:

A hickory stick was supposed to narrow the range between the best and the poorest in arithmetic. There were other methods less cruel.— The school system has been rationalized. The same results are no longer expected from all boys and girls.—

The unpardonable sin that may be committed by a teacher is the sin of teaching children that they are failures. You may do most anything else to a child and possibly be forgiven."

But the evil is to both the successful and unsuccessful child.

In "Fitting the School to the Child"—Irwin and Marks say:

The accumulated retardation shown by aftermath surveys is accepted with far too much philosophy within the school itself. The teachers think it "natural" that some children in every class should repeat the grade. They represent the defeated minority, without whose existence the victory of the promoted ones would be lacking in savor. The spirit of competition does not belong to the educational process any more than it does to the family life of children. Yet so ingrained is the practice in the public school that even the teachers of German groups wished to hold back the pupils who stood relatively lowest in the class. Repeating of grades is the greatest crime against the educational development of the child that the school can commit. We think too much of retardation in statistical terms, striving, if we strive at all, for an irreducible minimum. What it means to the individual child to be a failure in school is overlooked. But it is from this point of view that the whole subject should be taken up and reconsidered.

In cartoon form the change from competition with its triumphs and tragedies to continued progress with only success for all is shown in a recent magazine. In the picture the sadness of going to the foot of the class is replaced by the joy of beating his own record. This is modern education. Modern progressive education is accepting the plea of this anonymous verse:

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T PASS

A sad-faced little fellow sits along in deep disgrace,
There's a lump arising in his throat, tears
streaming down his face;
He wandered from his playmates, for he
doesn't want to hear
Their shouts of merry laughter, since the
world has lost its cheer;
He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has
drained the bitter glass,
And his heart is fairly breaking; he's the
boy who didn't pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery
little song,
But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing
plainly something's wrong:



The Swan
(Photographed by Orville Larsen,
Denmark)

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Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and bit of play,
But the troubled little fellow sternly bids him go away,
All alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a tangled mass,

And his eyes are red with weeping: he's the boy who didn't pass.

How he hates himself for failing, he can hear his playmates jeer,
For they've left him with the dullards—
gone ahead a half a year.
And he tried so hard to conquer, oh, he tried to do his best,
But now he knows, he's weaker, yes, and dumber than the rest.
He's ashamed to tell his mother, for he thinks she'll hate him, too—
The little boy who didn't pass, who failed of getting through:

Oh, you who boast a laughing son, and speak of him as bright,
And you who love a little girl who comes to you at night
With smiling eyes, with dancing feet, with honors from her school,
Turn to that lonely little boy who thinks he is a fool,
And take him kindly by the hand, the dullest in the class,
He is the one who most needs love, the boy who didn't pass.

IN a third sense progressive education is adjusting to its broader aims. A visit to a good school will show the absence of formal recitation and the old inhibitions in control. The children will be working. The teacher will be directing the pupils at work. Formal mastery of facts and skills are taught by drill. Every school provides such practice work and no generation of children ever learned to read as well as that of our own time. Number work, spelling and the use of correct language are being acquired in an excellent way. With this drill has come a method of teaching which conserves the opportunity to move about somewhat freely and thus make education more healthful. The privilege of social intercourse among pupils permits the development of courtesy and good will. In cooperation in planning projects and in devising methods of management in the room the pupils learn the arts of leadership and the responsibilities of citizenship. In excursions, use of visual education lessons and special exercises learning is made one of real meanings rather than mere words. Games, free reading periods, music appreciation exercises and novel entertainment point the way to a leisure which is pleasing and morally safe. Construction work, dramatizations,

school papers, arts and crafts provide opportunity for expression and application of what is learned to situations somewhat comparable to real life so that there is assured a greater degree of transfer of what is learned in school to the things that must be done outside. Learning is active. The program does not consist of a surfeiting of childhood with easy and elaborate amusement. Dr. Sneddon says in effect that we should "seek spiritual and mental hardiness and endurance through provision of few companions, few books, moderate emotional incitements, plain fare, appeal to aesthetic sensibilities, fair quantities of physical work, reasonable subordination to exacting disciplines and some experience in finding under necessity resources within oneself." To the doing of approximately this, modern education is tending. In the eyes of the editor of the Journal of the National Education Association this trend is leading to the schools of tomorrow. Some of his summary sentences will leave us with a vivid picture:

"The school of tomorrow will continue its guidance longer and release it more gradually than the school of today. No one will be dropped from school because he does not fit."

The school of tomorrow will demand teachers of greater skill and training than the school of today.

The school of tomorrow will work toward broader objectives in education.

The child will find joy in school because of its rich opportunities for guided self-realization. He will set for himself harder tasks than any teacher could set for him.

The school of tomorrow will not consider its task complete until all children of school age are fitted successfully into the activities of citizenship and vocation."

THE doctrines of the church stress the importance of the individual and his rights. The church government provides for participation as an educational program in all of its organizations. In recent years there has been a movement to release to the state all regular academic instruction except that given in the Brigham Young University where a necessary leadership training institution of the highest scholastic type is being maintained. Week day religious classes are being organized. Teaching of regular courses of lessons in the priesthood quorums is stressed. There is a change in institutional placement of the work but the church continues its interest in education. The aims of this work are clearly appreciation aims. Knowledge is not the goal. Character traits and attitudes are desired. In this way church leaders find themselves working side by side with the great educational leaders of the country.

The two trends listed last in this article as marking progress in regular education are likewise challenges to the church worker. Competition and marks cannot be used as motives. The educational work of the church must be made interesting by presenting it attractively and by justifying to the learner as being worth while to him in achieving his life's ideals.

More difficult of achievement than this creation of interest is the provision for pupil participation. Youth is being trained. The lack of desired adult ability makes this training necessary. Doubts, problems, errors, unsatisfactory sense of values, desire to delve into varied lines of study and philosophy,—these and others are the traits of youth. To stop these stops activity. To guide these and stimulate youthful activity in studying, thinking, and managing is a challenge to the teachers in the church. The leaders of the church endorse and support the modern trends in school education and concur in the desire to achieve real character as an aim. They should accept and use the developed educational practices in their own institutions in order to achieve their particular aims in furthering the development of spirituality in the lives of young people.

Cities of Ancient Mexico

or late at night, one of us would say, "Would you rather have it warmer or cooler than it is?" to which the other would reply, "I would rather not have it even a degree warmer or cooler."

WE had an unusually fine opportunity to study the ruins in the Oaxaca region. It happened that Paul Henning, an authority on archaeology, for the Mexican government, had willed his valuable collection of books to Brigham Young University. He had died in the city of Oaxaca and the books became entangled in the red tape of the Mexican courts. We had tried in vain to have them released by long-distance negotiations and a personal visit became necessary. President Pratt went along to help me out. We found that even when we were on the ground the judge could not be hurried and we had ample time

between hearings to look at the two important ancient ruins: Mitla, twenty-five miles southeast of the city of Oaxaca and Monte Albán which is just seven miles away. In the meantime we found the city with its 40,000 people largely of Zapotec Indian blood to have many items of interest. It is an area that is very subject to earthquakes.

At Mitla we have probably the best example of complex conven-



*On the Mediterranean
(Photographed by LaVawn Merrill)*

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tional designs in stone work found in any of the ancient ruins of Mexico. In most ruins of Maya, Aztec and Toltec origin human faces and serpents play an important part, but in the temples of Mitla the heavy walls have surfaces of cut stone and a filling of concrete or rubble and are ornamented with longitudinal panels of geometric designs arranged according to a carefully worked out plan. These designs are shown in the accompanying pictures and are used in modern pottery and blankets. The patterns are formal and composed of mosaics of separately carved stones which fit neatly together.

The doorways are wide and low with lintels of great blocks of carved stone. From measurements we estimated the weight of one of these lintel stones to be at least twenty-nine tons.

These temples were the burial

ground of Zapotecan kings and may have been a place of pilgrimage. Here there is an absence of pyramids which are so conspicuous in Yucatan and the Valley of Mexico and even in nearby Monte Alban. Instead these temples are placed on low platforms which usually contain cruciform tombs. The buildings are assembled in groups of four which almost enclose square paved courts.

The present village at Mitla, with its Zapotec Indian population, is full of interest. Its primitive dwellings are overshadowed by flowering oleanders, pomegranates, orange and lemon trees and by organ cactus which is used as hedge-fences.

IN going from Oaxaca to Mitla one passes the great tree of Tula which is certainly one of the largest trees in the world and doubtless one of the oldest of living things. It is kind of cypress. Four feet from the ground it measures 160 feet in circumference; twenty-eight persons with outstretched arms and finger tips touching can barely encircle it. It is supposed to have been more than a thousand years old when Columbus discovered America. It sheltered Hernando Cortez and his soldiers more than four hundred years ago, and over a hundred years ago Baron Alexander Von Humboldt inscribed his name on the trunk. This is now partly grown over with bark. This tree helps to give a person a feeling for the age of the ruins of this vicinity.

We are now more interested in Monte Alban than even the famous Mitla with its wonderful designs and its excellent condition of preservation. This interest arises from the fact that it is at present the center of active exploration which is being so richly rewarded.

When we visited it a fine auto road to the summit was just being completed by a grant from the President of the Republic; and the new excavations were just being undertaken by Dr. Alfonso Caso, head of the Department of Archaeology of the National Museum of Mexico. The money for the purpose was furnished by a number of Mexican institutions and by the late Dwight Morrow. This work has now been carried far enough to show that this is one of the most fruitful fields of archaeological discovery ever to be investigated.

A NUMBER of the ancient tombs have been examined but what is known as Number Seven has yielded the most treasure. Of this Dr. Caso says in the October, 1932, National Geographic Magazine:

"We have catalogued more than five hundred articles from Tomb Seven, at times including under one number, necklaces of gold, pearl, and turquoise, composed of hundreds of beads each. * * * One of the most extraordinary pieces was a rock-crystal urn. It measures 4½ inches in height by 3 inches in diameter and the sides are two-fifths of an inch thick.

"Since rock crystal is one of the hardest substances and is most difficult to work, it is inexplicable how the Mixtec lapidaries succeeded in creating such a perfect object which even today would be a *tout de force* for a sculptor who possesses tools of refinement and precision unknown to the ancient natives."

He describes many objects in detail. Of one of these we must hear what he says:

"Among the golden objects, the great breastpiece in the form of a 'jaguar-knight' was of special interest. It represents a human head wearing a jaguar's head helmet with imitation feathers of golden thread. Over the mouth is a mask in the shape of a fleshless human jawbone, and the cords which support it may be clearly seen passing below the nose. In the ears are two

disks from which serpent heads project forward, and suspended from the neck is a collar with a small bird as a pendant.

"If its artistic side is striking, its scientific value is no less great; for in the two plates below the diety appear two years, represented by a symbol like the letters AO interlaced, which among the Mixtecs signified a year.

"To make this breastpiece, various parts were cast and afterward soldered to each other by heating the gold. On the back are two small rings that served to support it."

SPACE will not permit a more detailed description of these ancient cities found in the great Oaxaca valley nor of the present descendants of those peoples who built them. Of the latter, may I pause to say that the two greatest leaders of modern Mexico, Juarez and Diaz, came from Oaxaca and the greater of the two, Juarez, was practically a pure Zapotec Indian.

From Oaxaca I wrote my wife that I would never be satisfied until I could take her to see the wonders of that land. I hope that every reader will feel the same urge to get first-hand contacts with the remains of those ancient cities in which dwelt a people of such unusual intelligence and skill.



James Willard Schultz with Chief Bear Hat, the Kutenai

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ, who has written perhaps more Indian stories than any other person, is shown in Glacier Park with Bear Hat, the Kutenai, visiting several of the Blackfeet tribes, gathering old Indian legends, learning of their thrilling adventures, their wars, peace-makings, and ways of life in that country in the long ago.

Schultz lived nearly all his life among the Blackfeet tribe in the region of the Rockies now embraced by Glacier National Park. He is rated as one of the two best versed men in the universal Indian sign language. General Hugh Scott being the other. Schultz, it is reported, speaks also the language of half a dozen tribes.

—Glenn S. Perrins.

Melchizedek Priesthood

Fraternity in the Priesthood Quorums

By JAMES LLOYD WOODRUFF, M. D.

THIS article by Dr. Woodruff, of California, ought to be of interest to all men holding the Priesthood whether they agree with the author or not.

"And by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." (John 13:35)

IN the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints we have the greatest fraternal organization in the world today. When I say greatest I am not speaking of the number enrolled, I speak of the power, the dignity, the authority found therein. We have the Fraternal Order of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God; and a large majority of the male membership of the church are fellows of this order. The question often arises, do we understand and value this fellowship? Are we alive to its possibilities? Not as a ladder reaching from the earth into the very presence of God, but as a mundane, physical organization wherein the members may really learn the scope and significance of the word, *Fraternalism*.

In the Priesthoods, Melchizedek and Aaronic, the machinery is set up whereby men may learn to know and love each other. I feel this was the thought which inspired the deathless words of Christ which I have chosen as our rallying cry: "*And by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*" In the past, and at present we have neglected this important function of Priesthood.

It is vitally necessary that we exemplify in our daily lives the attribute which the Savior says will prove to the world that we are His disciples. We must have love one to another. Not a secret love, this can not be seen by men. It must be an active, ever present, vital love which will make even the most hurried pause and wonder. This type of love is not expressed in words alone, it must be made, and kept alive by deeds, deeds which prove that we have the love of our Lord in our hearts, one to another.

This is what is meant by *Fraternalism*.

In the past the great and important responsibility resting upon one holding the Priesthood has been his duty to his quorum. We are now beginning to understand that we must take an

other view of the problem confronting us if we are to accomplish all that God intended when He placed His Priesthood upon the earth. We must begin to visualize a situation where the really important factor is the responsibility of the quorum and its duty to the individual members who go to make up the quorum. The old viewpoint lost many who were on the roll of the quorum; the new perspective will do much to restore them. At once we are impressed with this new and distinctive angle. It has been little stressed in the past, or if stressed it has never been made a vital working force in the functioning activities of the various quorums of the two Priesthoods.

WHAT COMPRIMES A QUORUM?

The responsibility of the quorum to the individual member! Just what does this mean? What comprises a quorum? Certainly those making up its roster. In this respect we must think of these members as being one and several at the same time. One, in that they make up a collective whole; many, in that the whole is made up of integral parts. When we speak of the responsibility of the quorum to the individual member we consider it as a whole; and speak of the responsibility of this whole to the individuals who make up the whole. If this is clear then we can more easily consider just what this responsibility of the whole to the individual is.

In the first place before it is possible that we "*Have love one to another*," we must learn to know each other. This is one of the very vital responsibilities of the whole to the individual. If the individual is known to the whole then the whole will be known to the individual. Here it is necessary to pause and analyze a bit more. What do we mean when we say, "We must learn to know each other"? It is not sufficient that we know a brother by his name and that we see him at quorum and other meetings; or that we can greet him by name and shake hands with him should we meet him on the street. All these may be only mechanical expressions, a robot might do as much.

IF WE KNOW OUR BROTHER

If we know our brother we have delved much deeper than any of these

outward manifestations. We have talked with him, in the quorum, at his home, at our home, at play and at work. We must feel his spirit with a certain amount of understanding; and know something of his aspirations and the things which are limiting these longings. We must know of his health and his wealth, of his friends and his family, his joys and his sorrows, his loves and his hates; and why there are any hates. We must know something of his attitude on important questions both in and out of the church; and we must know of his worries, his temptations and his victories.

This is a large order. To be a disciple of Christ is a commission where bigness is a very essential attribute and we can not become one of them unless we know the things necessary to make us acquainted with our brother. If we do not know him how are we to have love towards him, that is a flourishing, active love?

It is not enough that the quorum sees to it that one of its Deacons is ready and eager to pass the sacrament, prepare the vessels, and cleanse them after the service; to see that the boy is present at meeting. These are only its mechanical operations and though it be perfect if it stops here it has truly, like Martha, "*Neglected the better part*."

What about his activities when out of the quorum and off the church grounds? Is he clean? Does he profane? Is he learning to smoke? Is he drifting into careless personal habits or undesirable company? What is his attitude toward the strange, new thing, called "Life" which he is facing? Who should have the right to ascertain these things? His Deacons' Quorum, not a quorum that knows him as Bill or Tom on Sunday or at quorum meeting, but does not know where he lives, has no interest in his joys and his sorrows, his home life or his play life, is too indolent to inquire whether he has the necessary food and shelter. If the quorum is to dig deep into the intimate, private life of this boy it must show him that it has the privilege, I use the word with all the meaning it conveys: the privilege to so enter the inner recesses of his soul because it has proved to him how very dear he is to it. It must convince him that his welfare is one of the most important problems facing it. Its at-

titude towards him in the past must have been of such a character that he knows that all it is doing, or intends to do, is being done because it has a vital, all embracing love for him.

The same intimate knowledge of its members should be the end product of every other quorum.

KNOW THE TRUTH

I was told the other day by a very profound thinker, "Men never disagree about that which is definitely known; they disagree about that which is a matter of opinion or belief." Consider this for a moment and the full force of the thought will come home to you; and the power of its application to the subject in hand will be startling in its clarity. We distrust our neighbor because we do not know him. We go to answer the door bell; a stranger faces us; at once we inwardly draw back; we surround ourselves with a shell of reserve; we send him away: if it is a face we know we greet it with smiles and a welcome; yet the stranger may be actually "an angel unawares."

"Know the truth, and the truth shall set you free" is only another way of expressing this thought. Know the truth about your brother and you will be set free from distrust on his account.

THE STEP OF PRACTICAL HELPFULNESS

When we have gained this knowledge we are prepared to take the next step: the step of practical helpfulness. In this we have always been sadly lacking and this lack goes right back to the first proposition, our ignorance of each other. We have not had sufficient confidence in each other to be really helpful because we have been strangers. When work is to be done how often is a quorum brother asked to do it? Or if asked, how often is he grudgingly rewarded. "He ought to do this for less, he is a quorum brother!" As a rule even this last is not considered and the work is given to some one else, often not of the church at all, often to an inferior workman as well. This does not conform in pattern to the badge we are to wear, according to the Master. It is a poor, pink, watery love which expresses itself in words and passes the practical help of the day over to some one not of us. This condition makes it difficult for us to prove to others that we are His disciples because we have love one to another.

The Fraternalism of the quorum should reach out into the practical and give that which we have to give to quorum members. Tradesmen, trade with them: artisans employ them in your building and other activities: professional men, use them: artists, study with them. Sing of their good work, interest others in them, let their fame

be spread about by you, their fellow quorum members. Minimize their mistakes and magnify their successes.

Fraternalism in the quorum should be of such a character that slander and defamation of character among the members is unknown. This does not mean that where there is actual wrong doing it should be ignored. If my plea has any vitality you already know there is a way, a fraternal way, to handle such a situation. The one, or ones, in the quorum best fitted to handle the particular situation, has, or have, already so thoroughly convinced every other member of their love and interest that he, or they, can go to the brother in error and give him genuine help and comfort.

FRATERNALISM IN THE QUORUM

Fraternalism in the quorum should be a joyous thing, a happy expression of "Peace on earth good will to men." It should bring sunshine and gladness into the lives of all of you. "Man is that he might have joy" epitomizes this particular thought. Let your quorum Fraternalism bring to each and every member pleasant association and carefree pleasures. Laugh a little, smile a lot, let your brethren, and the world in general, see that you think this a very lovely world, and that life is a splendid opportunity.

Go back for a moment to the beginning; it is interesting. The Creator had been busily engaged in building a universe. His hand had guided the mighty forces which had brought together the necessary ingredients to form the glory and the beauty of the heavens at night. While doing this a very small fragment had been set aside and so molded and worked upon by the physics and chemistry of eternity that it finally became the Earth. The Master Workman who had seen at close hand all the majesty and the brightness of unnumbered suns, looked upon that which He had placed as almost the least of His works and when it was finished He saw that it was "very good." Has the thought ever occurred that if He, with all His intimate contact with the loveliest things, saw that the world upon which we are living was "very good," how many times magnified to our untrained eyes that goodness should appear?

Real Fraternalism in the quorum will deal with this and kindred marvels and show us, to our astonishment that the things we have so often rated as meager and poor are, in the sight of our Heavenly Father, "very good."

A FAITH OF POWER

Another thing which our quorum Fraternalism will develop within us as a greater force, is that faith which in its pure simplicity has power to move mountains. We need this in our lives: we need it to build anew the necessary soul force to overcome,

when the overcoming is very difficult. In days of darkness and discouragement we are not strong enough, in and of ourselves, to re-create the wonders which brought us out of the bondage of Egypt, the marvel of the dividing waves of the Red Sea. No, we are apt to cry in our hearts for the flesh pots of the world around us. We may even pray for some lesser prophet to build us a golden calf of materialism which our eyes can see and our hands can feel. These are perilous times and the old faith is sometimes hard to grasp and hold. If we walk alone we may walk in darkness but if we walk in the company of our brethren some one will have a cheery word, some one will have a glowing torch.

No attempt is being made to cover this inexhaustible subject. Only some of the high lights of Fraternalism in our quorums and the practical benefits to be derived are considered.

QUORUM FRATERNALISM IN TABLOID FORM

In tabloid form Quorum Fraternalism is:

An intimate and brotherly acquaintance with every member of the quorum.

An intelligent understanding of the responsibilities of the quorum to the member.

A live, practical interest in each member at all times in all his activities.

A clearing house where the good works, the talents, the aspirations, the successes of each member are taken into friendly consideration.

A thoughtful supervisor who encourages the member in all his activities and helps him to find himself and his best work, both in and out of the church. One also that points out his errors, both material and spiritual.

An employment bureau where preference is given in all work to quorum members who are qualified to do it.

A leader who encourages a happy, joyous outlook in the hearts of the members which is carried back into the home.

A teacher who is able to demonstrate not only the beauties of the gospel but also the beauties of the world in which we live, the sublimity of the thought that man is made in the image of God, not only physically but spiritually. One able to envision the very fine things in music, painting, literature, and nature.

A seer who can bring the hearts of the members very close to the Lord, awakening a renewal of faith, hope and love.

And thus is Fraternalism, a living, building power in our quorums, explained. Put it into practice and it will not be long until all men will know of a certainty, we are the disciples of our Lord and Master; for even a fool will be able to see that we "Have Love One To Another."

Aaronic Priesthood

New Lesson Books Ready

NEW lesson books for all quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood have been prepared by the Presiding Bishopric and are now ready for distribution. They are being distributed through stake clerks, who have been informed as to the procedure.

The books for 1933 contain several new features which add greatly to the interest. The book for Deacons is based upon incidents from the lives of our Church leaders, and is composed almost entirely of stories from the lives of the men who established this great work in the last days. As stories form such an important part of the book, suggestions are given as to the best methods of learning how to tell stories. This material is under the title of, "Better Story Telling," which stresses the fact that Jesus taught almost entirely through stories called parables. It urges that all class leaders themselves become proficient in telling stories, in order that they might better interest the quorum members, and that as a step in preparation for missionary service, the members of the classes learn how to tell stories.

The lesson books for Teachers has for its subject, "The Teacher's Responsibilities." It covers in detail the duties, authority, and responsibility of the Teachers' quorums, and lays a splendid foundation for advancement into the Priests' quorum. Much of the material in the Teachers' lesson book is also in story form.

The subject of the manuals for Priests is "Missionary Themes." In a practical and interesting manner, it presents material of exceptional value to young men, preparing for missionary work. In each of the three lesson books, special attention is given to the teaching of genealogy through the Book of Remembrance, which is the special genealogical activity of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums.

Each book contains a brief chronology of Church history for members of the Aaronic Priesthood containing dates of events in which members of Aaronic Priesthood quorums should be interested.

Improvement in 1933

EACH three months the Presiding Bishopric issues a bulletin to stake and ward leaders of Aaronic Priesthood, containing reports of important activities having to do with Lesser Priesthood progress. Unfortunately, changes are frequently made in stakes and wards of the leaders of Aaronic

Priesthood, and not all are informed of the standards set up by the Presiding Bishopric for carrying on this important work in the Church.

In each of the bulletins mentioned above, each stake is given a rating in percentage of one hundred, which is the maximum. As a matter of information to those concerned with the welfare of the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church, the basis of this rating is given herewith:

Per cent average attendance—50% or more—10 points; per cent that filled assignments — 100% — 10 points; per cent average attendance at Sunday School—50%—10 points; per cent that observe Word of Wisdom—100%—10 points; proportion of actual to possible quorums—100%—10 points; number of wards with supervisors—100%—10 points; per cent attendance of supervisors—100%—10 points; number on stake committee—one per ward up to six—10 points; average visit per ward—two or more visits per quarter—10 points; average class meetings per ward—three meetings per ward per month—10 points.

Where ten points are given as a maximum, a proportion of this number is given, based upon the actual results in each item specified. The average rating of the Church for the nine months ending September 30, 1932, was 61%, a gain of three points over the first three months of 1931. This information is presented to Aaronic Priesthood leaders at the beginning of the year in the hope that all concerned will put forth every possible effort to make a substantial increase in the ratings for the next twelve months.

Nine Months' Report Shows Substantial Progress

STATISTICS are frequently dry, except to those who are interested in the facts they reveal. Aaronic Priesthood leaders throughout the Church should be interested in the figures which reveal the results of their efforts. The last report of Aaronic Priesthood activity, issued by the Presiding Bishopric, covers the first nine months of 1932. In most departments it shows a gratifying gain, considering the handicaps which have prevailed throughout the year. Comparing the ten items used as a basis of rating in the Aaronic Priesthood, these are the results of the first nine months of 1932 compared with the corresponding period of 1931:

Number of wards and branches—1931, 1,003—1932, 1,008; total class meetings — 1931, 61,296 — 1932, 67,052; total number Aaronic Priesthood—1931, 69,038 — 1932, 71,719; percentage average attendance at quorum meetings—1931, 25% — 1932, 25%; per cent filling assignments—1931, 50% — 1932, 47%; per cent attendance at Sunday School — 1931, 26% — 1932, 27%; per cent observing Word of Wisdom—1931, 45% — 1932, 40%; possible number quorums and classes—1931, 3372 — 1932, 3454; actual number quorums and classes—1931, 2543 — 1932, 2662; number of wards with supervisors—1931, 558 — 1932, 625; per cent attendance of supervisors—1931, 63% — 1932, 70%; number of stake committees—1931, 404 — 1932, 604; number of visits to wards — 1931, 2868 — 1932, 2879; total rating of all stakes—1931, 58% — 1932, 61%.

The most gratifying items in this comparison are the increased numbers on the stake Aaronic Priesthood committees—an increase of two hundred for the period, being nearly 50%; the increased attendance of supervisors from 63% to 70%. Sixty-seven additional wards adopted the system of Aaronic Priesthood supervisors, bringing the total to 625, or approximately 62% of all the wards of the Church. As many of the wards are very small, members of the bishopric act as supervisors. Taking this into consideration, the number of wards now operating under the supervision plan as recommended by the Presiding Bishopric is very gratifying.

Substantial gain is noted both in the total number of members of the Aaronic Priesthood, and the class meetings held. The average attendance at Sunday School increased one point, although attendance at Priesthood quorum meetings remained the same. Observance of the Word of Wisdom increased from 45% to 48%, which is decidedly encouraging. The one item showing a decrease is, unfortunately, one of the most important items in Aaronic Priesthood supervision—that of assignments for quorum duties filled by members. This decrease is from 59% in 1931 to 47% in 1932. While some definite reasons are assigned for this decrease, Aaronic Priesthood supervisors should use every possible effort to keep the members of our quorums actively engaged in Priesthood work. As a whole, the report offers encouragement and reflects the splendid cooperation and unselfish service of the committees in stakes and wards assigned to this work.



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Greetings

TO our officers near and far we send greeting. The year 1932 with its sorrow and joy, its follies and perplexities is now a part of the great past.

A New Year—a glad New Year dawns upon the horizon. What will it bring? To everyone that has faith in God it will bring peace and hope and joy. Doubt in the ultimate outcome does not enter the heart of a Latter-day Saint for he knows the future is bright with promise.

And you, the officers of the great M. I. A. organizations, are helping tremendously to hasten that glorious day. Then why should you not look up and rejoice in the blessings that are yours? The work you are doing by your faithful efforts and splendid examples to direct the youth of Zion in the paths of righteousness cannot be measured by any known device. God alone knows, and you may be sure he will not forget.

Our appreciation for your good

spirit and fine cooperation is unbounded. So again we greet you with a hearty—

God Bless You,
Geo. Albert Smith,
Richard R. Lyman,
Melvin J. Ballard,
(Gen. Suptcy.).

Ruth May Fox,
Lucy Grant Cannon,
Clariissa A. Beesley,
(Gen. Presidency).

Annual Report of the Y. L. M. I. A. Shows Marked Increase in Enrollment

DURING the past year the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association has made gains in membership which are indeed gratifying.

For the year 1930-31 the annual report showed an enrollment of:

Stakes	47,567
Missions (20 reporting)	8,930
Total	56,497
For the year 1931-32:	.
Stakes	55,387
Missions (21 reporting)	9,063
Total	64,450

This shows a total increase of 7,953.

During the present year efforts are being made still further to increase the membership. We hope it will be possible to enlist in our wards every girl of Mutual age. There is no better way to put our slogan into effect than to touch the lives of all of our boys and girls with the splendid program which the M. I. A. offers.

The average attendance during the year 1930-31 was 62%, which means that 35,028 young ladies were in attendance at Mutual every Tuesday evening during the year. The average attendance for 1931-32 was 61%, showing that 39,314 were in attend-

ance every Tuesday evening during the entire year. This attendance is very gratifying, but it is to be remembered that our goal in average attendance is at least two-thirds of our enrollment.

Our annual report last year shows an enrollment of 13,805 Gleaner girls; 8,726 Junior girls; 14,008 Bee-Hive girls (both ranks). It would seem according to these statistics that almost all girls completing Bee-Hive work return to the Junior Department the following year. Therefore some of our efforts should be concentrated in increasing membership in the Gleaner Department as, with a five-year course, there should be more girls enrolled.

It is interesting to note that there was a total number of 36,271 regular Tuesday evening meetings held last year and 1,422 testimony meetings. Visits by Stake Board members to wards, 8,996; average number of Stake Board officers visiting 1,181. Number of visits made to stakes by General Board members, 731.

Y. L. M. I. A. officers in the various stakes and wards raised and turned over to bishops for ward benefits \$6,518.85. This service was greatly appreciated.

We note that the libraries in our ward associations contain 23,276 books. These are mostly reading



*Cast of Winning Road Show Act "Ode to Youth"
Presented by Belvedere Ward, Grant Stake
With 45 members, this cast made 18 presentations of their act*

course books of past years which have been carefully selected for the reading of our Mutual members. How many of these books are being circulated and read? Careful and systematic check should be made of all books—a definite time limit being set for the reading of books lent to members as in a well regulated library. A librarian may be appointed; otherwise it is the responsibility of the Secretary to keep these books intact. Our Y.

L. M. I. A. members can indeed enrich their lives through wholesome reading. Last year's report shows that 1,480 people read the "Life of Brigham Young;" 447 "People and Music;" 1,247 "Medical Aspects of the Word of Wisdom;" 4,010 "Singing in the Rain;" 5,121 "Larry;" 920 "With Malice Toward None;" 557 "Modern Pioneers;" 274 "Life of the Bee;" miscellaneous books read, 641.

We hope our members will enjoy the books selected for this year.

Our hearts are full of gratitude to our 12,058 officers and class leaders throughout the Church for their devotion and loyalty to M. I. A. We are sure you feel partially compensated at least, when you realize that you are bringing wholesome association and enrichment of life to the young people of this Church.

Sunday Evening Joint Session for February

FEBRUARY is Anniversary month for the Boy Scouts. The Scouts and the Vanguards, therefore, may wish to utilize this Sunday evening for their own purposes.

Since February closes the one year celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of George Washington, patriotic themes will be appropriate.

The dramatization given on the

Scout Page in this *Improvement Era* will be appropriate to use as a part of this February program. Where the words—"Salt Lake Council"—are used, the name of the local council might be substituted or even the name of the particular ward or district.

Scouting this year needs to be brought prominently and interestingly before the public. The Troop Committees, the Scout Masters, the Scout

Publicity Director and all those interested in the progress of Scouting should be brought together to arrange a rousing program.

The Young Ladies, especially the Bee Hive Girls, should be invited to participate. They could take part on the program by giving demonstrations of their work and by furnishing dramatic readings, solos, choruses, etc.

Drama

Make-up Supplies

MANY requests have been made for a list of Max Factor's make-up preparations for the stage. The Factor Studio, Highland at Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., will send a supply catalogue upon request, and for 25c will send a set of pamphlets on make-up.

The list following gives the numbers of the most commonly used preparations. Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, Salt Lake City, carries this material.

or it can be ordered directly from the factory:

Cream Paint in Tubes (each 50 cents)

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Very light pink | 7. Spanish |
| 1a. Light Juvenile | 7a. Dark Sunburn |
| 2. Pink | 8. Mexican |
| 2a. Juvenile | 8a. East Indian |
| 2½. Flesh | 9. Arctic |
| 3. Flesh Juvenile | 10. Indian |
| 4. Light Cream | 11. Mulatto |
| 4½. Cream | 12. Mikado |
| 5. Yellow | 15. White |
| 5½. Orange | 16. Light Negro |
| 6. Sallow | 17. Negro |
| 6a. Tan | 18. Red |

Face Powder (50c each)

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. White | 10b. Flesh |
| 2. Light Pink | 11. Light Cream |
| 3. Pink | 12. Cream |
| 4. Ruddy | 15. Medium Brown |
| 5. Healthy Tan | 16. Spanish |
| 6. Naturelle | 18. Indian |
| 7r. Rachelle | 19. Hindu |
| 8. Outdoor | 20. Othello |
| 9. Sunburn | (Light Negro) |

Lining Colors (25c each)

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Black | 9. Maroon- |
| 2. Dark brown | Crimson |
| 3. Light brown | 11. Yellow |
| 4. Dark blue | 12. White |
| 5. Light blue | 15. Gray |
| 6. Blue gray | 16. Medium blue |

Moist Rouge (35c each)

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1. Light | 3. Medium |
| 2. Special | 4. Dark |

Under Rouge (35c each)

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Pale rose | 3. Brunette |
| 2. Rose | 4. Carmine |

Dry Rouge (50c each)

- | | |
|------------|----------------|
| 12. Light | 18. Theatrical |
| Theatrical | Raspberry |
| Day | Blondeen |
| Naturelle | |

Dermatograph Pencils (50c)

Black, brown, blue, red.

Cosmetic (35c each)

For heading eyelashes.



"An Old Fashioned Fashion Show"—the annual party of the Liberty Stake Young Ladies' Board. The party is in honor of the ward presidents.

Reports

BOX ELDER STAKE Y. L. M. I. A. has just completed a very successful series of book reviews taken up as a summer project. A number of excellent books and plays have been prepared and reviewed by some of our most talented women.

We met early Tuesday evening in the cool basement room of our city library, and each evening our room was filled by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

We feel that this activity has helped to keep alive the mutual spirit during the summer months, and has afforded opportunity for our mutual girls to mingle together in a social way; and to all who attended it has been an intellectual treat.

A Brilliant Ball at Tahoraiti

THE green and gold ball, an annual event, held at Aoea House under the auspices of the M. I. A., proved an outstanding success. The number of dancers present approached 500, considerably more than at the function last year, and besides those from Dannevirke and district, visitors attended from Palmerston North, Pahiatua, Woodville, Hastings, and Waipaia.

The hall, tastefully decorated with greenery, colored lights, lanterns, and balloons, was universally approved of, while the floor, as usual, was in perfect order.

An appetizing and plentiful supper reflected great credit on the ladies' committee, and after the delicious variety had been sampled, dancing was continued.

The Tahoraiti folk are to be heartily congratulated on such a splendid function—no detail that would add to the enjoyment of patrons had been overlooked—and many indeed were the praises bestowed on the committee.

Sparks Branch—California Mission

THE opening social of the M. I. A. of Sparks Branch was in the nature of a radio broadcast, songs, speeches, and stunts going over with clever and interesting effect. A ten-minute *Improvement Era* sketch was well received and added much to the program. Two hundred and fifty people attended and remained for the dancing and refreshments which followed the program.

Proof

KAUTHLEEN, aged three, was beginning to be allowed to go to school with her brother.

"Just see how big I am, Muvver!" she exclaimed. "I reach clear from me to the floor!"—Estelle Webb Thomas.

Report of Accomplishments for Sept.-Oct.

No. of Wards in Stake	No. of Wards fully organized				No. of Wards having conducted Wards presenting Building, M. I. A.	No. of Wards having conducted Era Campaign	Wards conducting second period activities	No. of Wards in Stake conducting groups in:	No. of Wards having conducted joint session No. having used Era Program
	No. Reporting	Y	M	Y	L				
Alberta	12	7	6	7	6	2	6	6	6
Alpine	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Banff	9	9	9	9	9	5	5	4	4
Biggar	12	12	10	12	10	8	10	7	12
Bonneville	14	13	10	13	10	7	11	9	12
Benson	5	3	3	2	3	2	2	2	3
Beaver	14	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	3
Blackfoot	14	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	3
Blairmore	10	10	2	12	2	1	1	1	1
Boise	14	7	13	7	12	4	10	8	7
Boxelder	10	8	10	8	6	8	6	4	4
Cache	5	3	5	3	4	5	4	1	1
Cassiar	10	10	7	12	10	8	10	7	10
Coldwood	12	8	8	5	5	7	7	2	1
Curlew	12	8	8	8	8	6	7	2	1
Deseret	11	9	9	6	9	4	6	6	6
East Jordan	10	4	7	3	7	1	5	4	1
Emmett	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	8	9
Elgin	14	12	12	13	13	11	11	9	11
Fremont	8	5	8	7	8	4	6	5	5
Garfield	10	10	10	7	10	4	4	10	7
Granite	9	9	9	9	9	5	5	9	11
Harrison	14	11	12	11	12	12	11	12	10
Hollywood	10	6	5	6	6	4	3	2	5
Hyrum	14	14	10	13	3	6	10	5	5
Idaho Falls	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
Iron	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	11	11
Kane	6	1	6	1	6	1	6	6	6
Kolob	8	4	4	2	4	1	2	2	1
Lethbridge	7	5	5	5	7	* 5	5	5	5
Lehi	11	11	10	10	9	4	10	10	9
Ligon	7	2	2	2	3	2	3	2	2
Los Angeles	7	2	2	2	3	2	3	2	2
Lyman	8	7	8	5	6	2	6	2	5
Malad	10	10	8	10	5	10	6	7	9
Maricopa	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
McNamee	7	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
Minden	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	1	1
Moapa	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	5	5
Montpelier	9	10	6	10	5	6	6	4	4
Mount Ogden	8	8	6	4	6	2	5	6	6
Nevada	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	2	3
North Sanpete	6	5	2	5	5	5	2	1	1
North Sevier	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
North Weber	14	14	10	14	14	10	8	7	13
Ogden	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Oreanda	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Quirch	6	4	6	3	5	6	2	5	6
Palmiryra	9	8	9	9	9	6	8	8	8
Panguitch	6	4	4	3	2	4	2	2	1
Parowan	11	8	8	8	8	7	8	4	4
Park City	7	7	5	7	7	5	7	4	4
Poestello	10	9	8	8	9	5	7	6	7
Portneuf	8	7	5	7	7	0	6	5	7
Raft River	6	8	8	2	3	3	3	2	6
Rosemary	6	6	6	5	6	2	5	1	1
St. John	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
St. Joseph	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Salt Lake	13	13	13	11	11	11	11	10	13
San Francisco	9	9	9	8	9	9	9	7	8
San Juan	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Sheridan	7	8	8	7	7	1	6	5	7
Shelley	9	4	3	4	2	4	4	1	5
Snowflake	12	7	6	5	6	3	6	1	4
South Davis	8	7	7	4	7	5	7	4	4
South Sanpete	7	7	7	7	7	4	4	4	4
Summit	14	4	5	4	4	2	3	2	3
Summit	14	6	4	5	4	4	2	3	4
Taylor	6	5	5	6	5	4	4	4	5
Topaz	5	4	4	2	2	2	2	1	4
Twins	10	5	4	7	7	1	6	5	5
Twin Falls	4	4	4	3	4	3	4	2	1
Uintah	9	8	7	3	4	7	6	5	7
Union	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5
Wasatch	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	9
Wayne	7	6	6	8	6	1	3	2	4
Weber	9	7	8	4	7	8	7	2	4
West Jordan	14	14	10	12	19	11	20	14	12
Yellowstone Mission	18	18	14	14	14	8	8	12	23
California Mission	19	14	10	12	19	11	20	14	12
Eastern States Mission	17	7	7	7	7	7	3	3	3
Northern States Mission	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	5
Northwestern States Mission	—	—	—	5	8	6	7	1	7

Adult

Stake and Ward Adult Leaders

WE are now well advanced in this season's work. The unprecedented large number of Manuals which have been purchased and the expressions from the field which have reached the General Board seem to indicate an enthusiastic interest generally, in the work in the Adult Department throughout the Church. The Adult Committee, however, would like the benefit of direct suggestions and comment from all Stake and Ward Adult Leaders in planning the program for next year. Will you, therefore, in the light of your own observations and experience give us your reaction to the present program and your recommendations for next year's program? Please address your letter to:

M. I. A. Adult Committee
47 East South Temple Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Kindly help us by answering the following questions:

1. Are you following this year's program as presented?

2. Is there a Community Activity Committee in your M. I. A.?

3. Does this Committee conduct the work during the second period in the Adult Department?

4. Have you an Adult Department Activity Committee in your class?

5. Does the Adult Department Activity Committee conduct the socials and project work on the first Tuesday evening of each month?

6. Which project or projects are you emphasizing?

7. Which appreciation course or courses have been chosen by your group?

In addition to answering the above questions we hope you will tell us what part of the program you have been able to carry on most successfully, and also about any unique social or recreational activity you have conducted. Please do not fail to give your recommendations for next year.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7TH

Definite progress should now have been made in project work. This evening is your opportunity to have reports from committees who have been working and to make assignments for future follow-up activity. If you have not yet gone over the valuable and interesting material contained in the Manual, "The Right Thing At All Times," we refer you to the suggestive program in the November *Era*. Discussion and demonstrations based on this Manual will not only be interesting but helpful. We trust that

no Adult group will fail to go over this valuable material during the season.

We also make the following suggestions for this evening.

1. Groups who have studied the drama may use this evening for demonstrations. Part of the group will present a play or playlets, while others act as an audience.

2. If you have not had an evening devoted to Music and Music Appreciation, here is opportunity for a delightful program that will permit expression in this fine field.

3. February marks the birthday of Washington and Lincoln, two of our greatest Americans. It is opportune, therefore, to direct attention to American ideals. Such themes as the following would be appropriate for lectures and discussion: "American Ideals as Expressed by Washington and Lincoln;" "Is America Fulfilling Her Destiny Among the Nations?"; "Washington's Sayings;" "Humorous Stories of Lincoln;" "America, The Promised Land;" etc.

Seniors

The Calendar

WE suggest the following calendar as a guide in presenting the Senior lessons. We do not wish to curtail the time too much, but we feel that it is a good thing to complete the course before the close of the season. You may not be able to cover all the material suggested in the manual. More has been suggested for each lesson than is perhaps possible to give in an evening, in the thought that where one reference is not available another may be at hand. However, we feel that it is well not to get too far behind as there are only a few free evenings at the end of the Mutual year to complete any work not finished at the close of the calendar.

We think classes should have completed the work up to Chapter XII by the first of the year. The calendar from that date should be about as follows:

Jan. 3—Chapter XII—Trends in Educational Methods.

Jan. 10—Chapter XIII—The Latter-day Saint Program of Education.

Jan. 17—Social Evening V—Community Assets, page 100.

Jan. 24—Chapter XIV—Leisure Time in a Machine Age.

Jan. 31—Chapter XV—Spiritual Values of Play.

Feb. 7—Chapter XVI—Music and Art in the World of Leisure.

Feb. 14—Chapter XVII—The Leisure-time Program of the Latter-day Saints.

Feb. 21—Social Evening VI—Training in Recreation, page 100.

Feb. 28—Chapter XVIII—Ideals of Marriage.

March 7—Chapter XIX—Parent and Child in a Changing World.

March 14—Chapter XX—Home and Family Among the Latter-day Saints.

March 21—Chapter XXI—Religious Changes of the Twentieth Century.

March 28—Chapter XXII—The Spiritual Message of Mormonism.

April 4—Social Evening VII—The Family.

April 11—Open.

April 18—Ward Honor Night.

April 25—Stake Honor Night.

This program is tentative but may prove a help in keeping ahead in your work.

Recreation

THE second period each evening is to be devoted to some recreational activity. The Senior representative on the Community Activity Committee is supposed to find out the wishes of the class, to make the connection with the Community Activity Committee and get the help needed from that committee. In some classes a committee has been elected from the class, with the Community Activity member as chairman, to have charge of this recreation period. This is all right, but the contact should still be kept up with the Community Activity Committee.

For this period the class may stay together and take up some one of the regular activities — music, drama, dancing, public speaking, or story telling; or it may disband and join, some in one and some in another activity, accordingly as planned by the Ward or Stake. Or the group may make an entirely different choice of recreation provided it is approved by the Stake Board and is in harmony with M. I. A. ideals. In this latter event outlines of the plan should be sent to the General Board.

REFERENCES

For material to supplement the lessons for this month see "The Next Hundred Years," by Dr. Lowry Nelson, December number of the *Era*.

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

The official Handbook 1931-2 published by the American Sports Publishing Co., 45 Rose St., New York City, may be purchased at Sporting Goods houses everywhere for 25c.

M Men-Gleaners

THE subject for the February joint program of M Men and Gleaners is "Our Social Obligation in Standing for Better Moving Pictures." (Ref. page 54 M Men Manual; page 62 Gleaner Manual.)

It is self-evident that motion picture producers are desirous of producing only those plays that will attract people and fill their theaters. In the last analysis, then, it is not true that the standard of motion pictures is largely determined by theater patrons themselves?

A beautiful motion picture, like a beautiful painting or poem, stirs within us ennobling thoughts and motivates us to higher ideals and endeavors. To see George Arliss play "The Man Who Played God" is akin to reading the adventures of Artaban in the story of "The Other Wise Man."

There is, perhaps, no greater factor in the molding of ideals in American life than the motion picture industry. Our attendance at a production either elevates or lowers our thoughts—and our thoughts determine our course in life. Wordsworth beautifully expressed this thought when he wrote:

And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed
away,
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be de-
stroyed.

If, then, M Men and Gleaners will discriminate in the moving pictures they attend; if they will fill the theater when shows of the type of "Smiling Through" are given and leave but empty benches when shows are produced having only sex appeal to commend them—then we will be making a real contribution to our social obligation to encourage better moving pictures.

There is in each one of us an inborn desire to play a part, to act before an audience. To the youth of today is afforded great opportunity for self expression. How many people are there in the audience in a motion picture theatre who have a longing to take the part of the hero or heroine in the play? Youth has great faith in its own ability to conquer in new fields. The lure of Hollywood, its color, its outward glitter and romance make an appeal to many of our finest young people. They rarely stop to realize that only two or three out of a hundred have the opportunity of demonstrating to directors just what they can do. And should one get "inside" and be permitted to play a part, has he really found success and happiness? A group of people were permitted to visit a studio in Los

Angeles and were taken into one of the buildings to watch the directors make a "set". In a small room were directors, camera men, equipment and furniture, actors and visitors. While waiting for her cue, one of the actresses sat down on the seat attached to the picture machine around which the visitors were standing. One of the lady visitors wore a lovely gardenia which tried very hard to throw its delightful perfume into the room so filled with cigarette smoke and blue haze from lighting apparatus. The actress turned to the lady with the gardenia and said, "My! You smell fresh and sweet, just as if you came from the out-of-doors, bringing in the light and sunshine." "It is the flower," the lady answered, pointing to the gardenia. After talking for a few moments the lady asked the actress, "How do you like this life, are you happy?" "It is terrible! This is not living. It is hard work, without happiness or compensation," she said, with real tears (not glycerine drops) glistening in her eyes. After inhaling the perfume of the gardenia once more she returned a smoking cigarette to her mouth, and prepared to go onto the set to take her part. Is this an unusual case or are many of those who enter the movie realm crushed and disappointed? Are there not more worthy fields in which our young people may develop their talents as Latter-day Saints?

Refer to "Lights and Shadows on the Screen" in the *Era* for rating of pictures.

M Men-Gleaner Banquets

WE are now approaching the time of year when the M Men-Gleaners are planning their annual banquets. On page 61 of M Men's Manual, page 67 Gleaner Manual, is given a list of suggestions for these gatherings. We have been very proud of these social functions in the past and hope that each and every stake will participate in this delightful event. Where stake membership of this combined group is too large to hold the affair conjointly because of housing, the stake may be divided into sections, thus having two or three banquets in a stake. We wish to encourage the Annual Banquet's being given by the conjoint group wherever it is possible to do so, thus giving the benefit of this wholesome social contact to both M Men and Gleaners.

If a banquet seems too pretentious an affair for some stakes, a delightful "get together" may be planned with very simple refreshment, decorations, etc., costing little money.

A Pantomime Movie

ALL M Men-Gleaner groups desiring suggestions on the Movie Pantomime, which is the demonstration for February, may receive the same by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to the general offices of the Y. L. M. I. A., Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City.

AN interesting article on "Movies" is "Hollywood on the Slide," *Reader's Digest* for Jan., 1933.



Nazareth—Sabbath morn from the road to Mount Tabor

Gleaner Girls

Gleaner Course of Study

MANUAL discussions for the month of January will be Chapter VIII, Samuel the Lamanite Prophet, and Chapter IX, The Savior upon the American Continent. (See Gleaner Manual, pp. 98 to 106 inclusive.) For supplemental reference see "The Story of the Book of Mormon," by Elder George Reynolds, pp. 203-207; 221-223.

Treasures of Truth

LET the record be made of the men and things of today, lest they pass out of memory tomorrow and are lost. Then perpetuate them, not upon wood or stone that crumble to dust, but upon paper, chronicled in picture and in words that endure forever."—Kirkgland.

On all sides expressions of appreciation come from Gleaner girls and leaders for this Project. "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth;" for the privilege of gathering and recording stories and incidents before they are lost or forgotten; and for the rich benefits and blessings which come to those who garner these truths. Helena Williams, as a Gleaner girl, voices her appreciation in these words:

"All summer I have been searching for and collecting photographs and facts of family history. Verily the Scriptures are coming true, for after my summer's research, my heart is turning to my fathers and my forebears are beginning to become real people to me, whereas they were mere names before. The projects of the

past have all been worthy, but this one will give me lasting joy."

In order further to stimulate the Project, Gleaner leaders in a number of wards are having an evening, other than Tuesday, with the girls, in connection with the preparation of "Treasures of Truth" books. Suggestions are given; ideas are exchanged and division sheets, with tracings, drawings, pasting of pictures, etc., are made; also an inspirational talk on the project is given. Several wards and stakes have had a Project social evening. One stake Gleaner leader called her ward Gleaner leaders together in a social with this invitation:

"My Kin of 50 Years Ago"

"Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight,
Take us back fifty years, just for tonight.
Bring back the joys that my kin used to know.
Bring back the scenes of five decades ago."

Each Gleaner leader was requested to wear a dress of one of her kin and to bring an outstanding story of her progenitors. It proved a most interesting and profitable evening.

On the Project evening, January 24, we will take up the division of "Gifts of the Spirit." See Gleaner Manual, p. 51. Also study carefully Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 46, verses 8 to 26 inclusive.

Below we give an incident of hearing the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, from the book of Estella Butterworth which is attested by her Grandmother:

"The Still Small Voice"

"Great-grandfather, William But-

terworth, and my grandfather, William J. Butterworth, were digging a well. The work was well begun. Great-grandfather worked the windlass. Grandfather worked at the bottom of the shaft. The shaft was sixty feet deep.

"A friend was visiting the Butterworth family this bright spring day in February, 1886. He was particularly interested in seeing the bucket placed on the hook and lowered into the shaft. After watching for a considerable length of time, he remarked: 'I can put that bucket on the hook. Let me try.' Permission was granted him, and immediately the large copper bucket crashed to the bottom of the shaft. The gentleman was so frightened he ran home, without even saying good-bye.

"Imagine great-grandfather's horror. He made a searching glance into the shaft, expecting to see a limp body at the bottom. Instead, standing against the wall, looking up was grandfather, unharmed.

"While bending over, diligently using a pick, grandfather was prompted to stand straight up against the wall of the shaft. This he did. The bucket on its downward course brushed the brim of his hat, barely missing his body. The heavy bucket fell against the far wall. Grandfather often remarked how miraculously his life had been saved.
Attested by Melinda N. Butterworth." May 1, 1932.

Open Night

PLEASE note by the calendar in the front of the Gleaner Manual that January 31 is an open night and nothing has been scheduled for this evening. In some wards this evening may be used to advantage in catching up on class discussions. However, the evening is left for you to plan and use as you wish.

Gleaner Song

ARE you as Gleaner leaders using the "Gleaner Song," words and music by Ruth May Fox and Edward P. Kimball, found in the M. I. A. song folder, at every available opportunity? We want our Gleaner girls and leaders to be familiar with and use our song. It will give much pleasure and add to the spirit of class loyalty.

Only One Way

DO you measure men up right?" asked the customer of the tailor.

"I sure do; I couldn't get the tape around them if they were lying down.

"I think I'll take my feet for a walk," said the postman, when he was asked how he would spend his vacation.—*Aubrey J. Parker.*



"Come on out and ski."—Vivian Park, Provo Canyon

Junior Girls

Our Spring Festival

THIS annual event for Junior Girls should be a lovely affair—something so fine that it will be remembered always by the girls. It may be either a stake or ward event, but should provide participation for all the girls. Junior leaders will find it a good plan to begin right now to appoint committees on arrangements, program, refreshments, etc. Our Spring Festival is becoming more popular each year. These events can be made very attractive and delightful at very little cost. We received reports from many stakes last year of the marvelous festivals which brought joy and happiness to our junior girls through their participation.

Story Telling

IS the "Story Telling" activity as fascinating to the girls of the Junior Department as it can possibly be made? We trust each Junior class is making a real study of this major activity on three Tuesday nights in the month. This is the one activity in which Junior girls only contest in the Church Finals. It is the hope of the Junior Committee that our Junior girls will enter into this activity with joy and enthusiasm. We are sure our Junior leaders received a great deal of help in this activity during our recent Activity Institutes.

"My Story—Lest I Forget"

HOW are your girls progressing in writing their "My Story—Lest I Forget"? Are you constantly encouraging them to collect stories and incidents to include in their various chapters? If for any reason the girls have not made much progress—on January 3rd, our Project night, make it a sort of laboratory night and have them all work on their chapters. Have pencils, paper, etc., for them all. Give them a vision of what their books mean to them. Through questions and suggestions find out the things they would like to know of the past, and the things of the present they would like to preserve for the future. Junior leaders are you compiling your "My Story"—thus leading the way and inspiring your girls?

As our Project develops more and more its possibilities unfold. To those who put their best efforts into it, it becomes of absorbing interest. Many remarkable chapters are being written on "Lands My Parents Came From," "Missionaries in My Family," "My Friends," "Baptism for Departed Kindred and Friends," etc. Let us

Believing and Doing

WHAT joy comes to our hearts when we receive reports of how our Manual Discussions are received by our Junior girls throughout the stakes of Zion and also the missions. These lesson discussions are based upon the Articles of Faith, a simple declaration of the foundation principles upon which our Church stands. The aim of these lessons is to help the girls understand just what it means to be a Mormon. If we want to love the Gospel we must understand it and give to it something of service and

Vanguards

all put forth our best efforts and appreciate this wonderful opportunity. PLANS for annual Church-wide championships in van-ball, archery and retold stories for Vanguards are going forward under the direction of the Vanguard Committee of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Profiting by the last year's experience in the van-ball finals, the championships in that event this year are to be held indoors at the peak of the playing season. The tentative date is the third week of February, and the place is the Deseret Gymnasium. Final announcement of the definite date will be made through the Scout executives of each

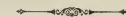
sacrifice. Many of our girls are privileged to go into the world and mingle with those not of our faith. Often they are embarrassed when thrown into the company of people upon whom they would like to make a favorable impression, because when they are asked about the gospel, which they really do love and of which they are proud, they are not prepared to represent it properly, or give to others its real message. Do we accept the gospel without putting into it any study, without testing our devotion to it or our testimony of it. We feel that our Junior Girls are just at the right age to make a real study of our Manual and when the opportunity comes to them to give the gospel message they will be well prepared.

of the local councils where organized Vanguard work is being carried forward. Plans are being made to welcome the teams representing the eight districts of the Church and to provide a proper audience for this championship event.

The archery finals are planned out-of-doors the same as last year in connection with the June conference of the M. I. A. Plans are being made to make this an outstanding event for the young men of the Church who participate as well as for those who attend as spectators.

The retold story finals will also be held during June Conference with every indication that the finals will be closely contested. Story telling is being featured this year in Vanguard troops, and reports from the field indicate widespread interest in this event.

Vanguards, don't forget the hand-made hair bridle is to be given to a winner next June.



Brotherhood

By Kenyon Wade

*M*Y brothers are the sons of earth—
The folks who live next door to me,
The folks who dwell in Meeker Street—
In Woodland Park and oversea;
For 'tis by Christ's world-wide appeal—
To you and me extend his hands—
My brothers are my countrymen
In this and in all other lands.

My brothers are my kith and kin,
And folks whom I shall never know—
The beggar and the murderer,
And haply, Christ himself, I trow;
The strong man winning in the race,
The weakling cringing on the sod,
For rich or poor, or weak or strong.
Lo! Are not all the sons of God?



What a Pet
By Elder W. Oscar Brooksby,
Subisco, Perth, Australia

Boy Scouts

What is a Boy?

HE is the person who is going to carry on what you have started. "He is to sit where you are sitting and attend to those things you think are so important when you are gone. You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends on him.

"Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them. "He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate and occupy your place on the Supreme Bench.

"He will assume control of your cities, states, and nation.

"He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities, and corporations.

"All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.

"Your reputation and your fortune are in his hands.

"He is the only source of manhood.

"All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.

"So it might be as well to pay him some attention."

—Editorial *San Francisco Examiner*.

"Acceptance of the National 10-Year Program"

Dramatization

Produced at the Second Annual Scouter's Convention, South High School Auditorium, October 26, 1932.

UNCLE SAM (*In deep meditation*): "God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a demagogue And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking; Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog In public duty and in private thinking."

"For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps, Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps."

1. COUNCIL PRESIDENT:
Uncle Sam—The Salt Lake Council bears and hearkens to your call Five thousand in our Scouting units. May I present them, each and all?

2. CUBS (*Salute*): "Uncle Sam," we've heard your call And Cubs throughout this nation, one and all. Will do their best and stand four square In all ranks of the Lion, Wolf and Bear.

And guided by the "Arrow of Light," Through Scouting, will gain the Eagles' height.

And so trained manhood, tried and true We'll become worthy citizens for you.

UNCLE SAM (*reply to Cubs*): Well said, my noble boys, Well said. My gloom and worry already have fled.

3. TRAIL BUILDERS (*Salute*): Uncle Sam— We, too, our government would aid And all our efforts will be made To foster manhood straight and tall As the pine by the side of the waterfall And groups of Blazers, Trekkers and Guides

Will spread their energies far and wide. Nor will their efforts ever stop Until Boy Trail Builders are on the top.

UNCLE SAM (*reply to Trail Builders*): With boys like you growing firm and strong

We'll have fine citizens ere long.

4. SCOUTS:
"On my honor, I will do my best; Oh! Uncle Sam! You know the rest;



Pals

By Mrs. Chester M. Bundy,
Mt. Trumbull, Ariz.

You know it is the ideal of the Scouting plan
To build fine manhood throughout this land.
And every Boy Scout within this Council of Salt Lake Accepts the 10 year program and is willing to make The effort necessary to put this plan across Let our members grow, let us never take a loss.

UNCLE SAM:
Lad! One-fourth at least of future voters, Honest, fearless, trained like you. We've set this as the nation's goal by nineteen forty-two.

5. ASADONIA RING (*Salute*):

"Uncle Sam"— For years we older fellows have benefits received From Scouting, and so we have conceived A plan to help and in some measure repay The unselfish service given us faithfully day by day. As a group we foster manhood, and build friendships tried and true. It is our aim to train fine leadership for you, And so "My Country" our services unstintingly we bring; Depend on us, We'll hear the call; members of Asadonia Ring.

6. VANGUARDS:

"Uncle Sam"— The older boy program of the Vanguard group Is backing up the ideals of each Boy Scout troop; We are urging advancement with all our mind and might, And will do until each member attains the Eagles' flight. We value our friendships, and respect all womanhood, We are clear in mind and body and we want it understood We love our government and will always stand For its ideals above any other land. (*Uncle Sam nods approval*)

7. SEA SCOUTS (*Salute*):

Our Maritime activities are helping to make Strong minds and bodies with hands trained to take Responsibilities and duties of true citizenship fine. We'll back our government and hold on every line. We'll extend our influence to older boys within the land, In years to come test us; we'll prove we have the sand. In any plan of growth, don't by any means count us out, We're with you to the finish, Older Boy Program, the genuine Sea Scout.

UNCLE SAM (*After the three older boy groups have spoken*):

I accept your proffered service, older boy groups of Salt Lake,
You are aiding Scouting's program,
true citizens you'll make.

8. SCOUTMASTERS [*Scoutmaster, Vanguard Leader, Sea Skipper*] (*Salute*):

We leaders of boys know your needs,
Uncle Sam;
We are mindful of opportunities placed
in our hand.
To enlighten and train young growing
boys,
To build into their lives a maximum
of joys.
We'll gather the 12 year old, the "less
privileged" boy we'll seek,
As to tenure and program listen while
we speak,
We pledge support to hold these boys
longer
And build into their lives Scouting
Ideals much stronger.

UNCLE SAM:
You leaders of Scouts accept now my
thanks,
High calibered manhood within your
finest ranks.

9. CHAIRMEN [*Troop Committee, District Chairman, Vice Chairman*]:
"Uncle Sam"—

The supporting men of Scouting wish
to extend a hand
To assist the 10 year program to succeed
within this land.
We'll back up our scoutmasters and
his influence extend.
We'll remove trying conditions and
activities we'll blend.
And until each unit is working at its
best,
You'll find us on the job, we'll never
shirk nor rest.
We pledge you our support, Each
Scouter to the man,
We expect to work, we'll carry on—
use us where you can.

10. PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL:
Uncle Sam, you can tell C. J. Carlson
and James E. West,

We accept the challenge and will do
our best.
Four thousand scouts, and one thousand
scouters fine
Accept the 10 year program and are
backing up the line.
We are fully organized and we'll move
the work along.
We will undertake this important task
with courage true and strong.
We'll carry on the program till the
youth of our Council feels
The weightier significance of Scouting's
glorious ideals.

11. UNCLE SAM:
This great display of loyalty! It fills
my heart with joy.
The future of this land is safe, with
such training for the boy.
Build ye up defense lines,
Build character for youth.
Foundations must be solid,

Our bedrock must be truth.
I thank you, Salt Lake Council, five
thousand boys and men.
All organized with visioned goal to
fight with right and win!
"God give us men." In answer my
challenge now ye take,
I accept your proffered service—Scouts
and Scouters of Salt Lake.

SALT LAKE COUNCIL'S CHALLENGE SONG (*Tune: Anchors Away*):

FIGHTING for youth as men
That's our great task.
Uncle Sam we've heard your call
The Ten Year plan will aid us all, to help
To build America!
Through the B. S. A.
Get more boys and train them longer
We accept your challenge U. S. A.

Setting of Stage for this Dramatization

1. Before the curtain is drawn the stage is set with a display of American Flags arranged in a half circle. Each flag is held by a uniformed scout, leaving the most part of the stage free for the actors.

2. The curtain is drawn displaying this colorful array of American Flags.

3. Uncle Sam comes on the stage and in a reflective mood makes his first speech. The president of the Council enters and addresses Uncle Sam. Following his speech he presents to Uncle Sam, in turn, representatives of each of the organized programs in the Council doing Boy Scout work or work associated with Scouting.

Three Cubs enter and advance to Uncle Sam and the Council President. They salute; one of the Cubs speaks. The three Cubs then take a position in front of the line of flags to the extreme left of the line.

Three Trail Builders, representing a parallel organization to Cubs in the L. D. S. Church, enters. They salute and a representative speaks and they

move into position in the circle standing in line next to the Cubs.

Three Scouts enter, salute and when one speaks they take their places in circle in a line next to the Trail Builders.

Three Scouts representing Asadonia Ring, an associated older scout program of the Episcopal Church enter. They address Uncle Sam and step two paces to the rear. Three Vanguard scouts enter. This is the older Boy Scout organization in the L. D. S. church. They address Uncle Sam and step two paces to the rear to join in line with the representatives of Asadonia.

Three Sea Scouts enter. They address Uncle Sam and fall in line with the other two older scout groups.

When all three groups of older scouts have stepped two paces to the rear and in line Uncle Sam addresses them. They then move into the semi-circle in front of the flags joining the scouts in line.

The following leaders enter: Cubmaster, Trail Builder Advisor, Scoutmaster, Vanguard Leader and Sea Scout Skipper. One of these commissioned officers addresses Uncle Sam. They take their places in the semi-circle in front of the flags.

Then enters a Troop Committee chairman, a district chairman and a representative of the Executive Board. They face and salute Uncle Sam and one of their number speaks. They move into line in the semi-circle in front of the flags.

The president of the council speaks and Uncle Sam makes a final reply.

Immediately following this last speech of Uncle Sam's a good song leader takes the center of the stage and leads the audience in "The Challenge Song." This song was printed by a sign painter on a large piece of linen and held up in view of the audience. This song was immediately followed by "The Star Spangled Banner."

All Scouters in the audience had been provided as they came to the conference meeting with small American Flags which were folded and placed in the outside coat pocket over the heart. They were folded in such a way that the corner of the blue was on the outside. When they reached the point in the "Star Spangled Banner," "O long may it wave," all Scouters in the audience drew the American Flags from their pockets and waved them overhead. The flags in the semi-circle in the rear of the stage were lifted in the air by the scouts at this same time.

The benediction was pronounced as the closing number on the program.

Cards are carried by each group and are placed on the easel—each card in turn as the group comes on stage.



"Getting Their Goat"
(Photographed by Kenneth A. Lauritzen)

Bee-Hive Girls



**Bee-Hive Girls
Oasis Ward, Deseret Stake**

Calendar

NYMPHS

Tuesday, January 3—Guide VII—Public Service in Hive and City (page 15 Nymphs Book).

Tuesday, January 10—Guide VIII—Cell Making and Home Building.

Tuesday, January 17—Guide IX—Cell Making and Home Building.

Tuesday, January 24—Guide X—Cell Making and Home Building.

Tuesday, January 31—Guide XVI—The Spirit of the Hive and The Spirit of the Home.

BUILDERS

Tuesday, January 3—Guide X—Safe-guard Health (Food).

Tuesday, January 10—Guide XI—Safeguard Health (Rest and Exercise).

Tuesday, January 17—Guide XII—Open Night (An Evening with Mothers).

Tuesday, January 24—Guide XIII—Common Accidents (Foundation Cell No. 6).

Tuesday, January 31—Guide XIV—Triangular Bandages (Foundation Cell No. 7).

GATHERERS

Tuesday, January 3—Guide X—Diet.

Tuesday, January 10—Guide XI—Family Meals.

Tuesday, January 17—Guide XII—Open Night (To be planned by Bee-Keepers and Girls themselves).

Tuesday, January 24—Guide XIII—Love Truth.

Tuesday, January 31—Guide XIV—Word of Wisdom (Foundation Cell No. 7).

Last month we skipped Guides No. VII, VIII, IX, X, for the Nymphs, so the girls could prepare for Christmas. We now go back to these guides for January.

Spirit of the Hive Drill

HAVE placards with the "Spirit of the Hive" on, numbering them like this: 1—Have Faith, 2—Seek Knowledge, etc. Give the girls a card each. According to the number that is on the card each girl takes her place in A Line Formation accordingly. If you have small groups give each one

two or three cards. Then have the girls stand in a circle. Each girl holds her card before her and tells what she stands for. Then have them tell in rotation without pause. Then have them read them all together. By this time the girls are acquainted with the Spirit of the Hive and are ready for the drill. The Bee-Keeper takes the cards and holds them with the backs towards the girls, each having its number in a big figure on the back. The girl that can tell what is on her own card before someone else does, gets 10 points. If someone else names it she gets 5 points. See which girl can get the most points. Bee-Keeper flash the cards before the group and have all repeat what each card con-



**Bee-Hive Girls of Aurora Ward
Go Camping**

tains. You can also put them in two groups and see which group can get the most points. Through this drill the girls unconsciously learn the Spirit of the Hive.

—Bee Keeper LaVern Clark,

Helps for Guides XIII and XIV

A SQUARE KNOT GAME

EQUIPMENT: One small rope or heavy cord about 3 feet long for each girl.

Formation: Divide group into two



Bee-Hive Swarm Day—Hyrum Stake

equal lines facing each other. One player from each team stands in front of her group and is a post. Girls are numbered.

Procedure: On signal of the Bee-Keeper girl No. 1 from each side ties the rope around the arm of her post; each girl in turn ties her rope on an arm, leg, etc., of post. When all have finished the Bee-Keeper inspects the knots and the side finishing first with the most knots tied correctly wins the game.

In connection with Foundation Cell No. 7 for Builders, we should like to have every Bee-Hive girl learn the pressure points for Arterial bleeding. These are not given in the Bee-Keepers' Book, but may be found on pages 45 and 47 of the Nymphs' Handbook and also in the first aid lessons in the Summer Bulletin which was sent out to all of the Stakes. The Bee-Keepers should learn these pressure points thoroughly themselves before teaching them to the girls. Before teaching the girls any bandaging at all, teach them to tie a square knot correctly. If you do not know how to tie a square knot, get a Scoutmaster to teach you. Play the above games until every Bee-Hive girl can tie the knot correctly.

The General Bee-Hive Committee would like to know if the Summer Bulletin has been and is being used. Much valuable information is contained in the bulletin which will be helpful to new Bee-Keepers. We suggest that a check be made of these bulletins and if they are not being used they should be handed to new Bee-Keepers. An interesting report is given herewith of summer activities of the North Sevier Stake.

North Sevier Stake

THE summer work in Bee-Hive in this Stake has been most successful in all the wards. The General Board outline has helped materially, and the girls have gained much good through it.

The Aurora ward "Re-Fa-See" Swarm took a hike up Maple Canyon,

leaving early one morning for a three-day camp. Menus were planned ahead and all preparations made so that the affair went off smoothly and delightfully. Hiking, trail-blazing, taking pictures and studying nature occupied the days, and the evenings were spent in games and songs around the campfire.

The trip was financed with proceeds from a drama they had presented in the spring.

Hyrum Stake

Hyrum Stake, at their Swarm Day, presented the pageant "The Quest", written especially for the occasion by a Stake Board member. A number of merit badges and certificates were awarded girls who had finished their work, and prizes were given for the best scrap-books. Handcraft exhibits and a delightful program made the affair one which will not soon be forgotten.

¶ The Valley of Peace

Continued from page 138

"I bear it for the sake of peace," she replied. "There is enough trouble, without my starting anything."

"Oh! So you're the one who don't want trouble. You're the one who keeps the peace—you and Ishmael, with your heads always together—talking and planning and plotting! You're the one who makes the boy weak and soft—always remembering, always finding fault!"

THE sneering tones of Lemuel broke in upon them so suddenly, so fiercely, that Ishmael and his mother, startled and surprised, clung together tightly, each seeking as it were, to protect the other. They had been so preoccupied that they had not heard Lemuel's footsteps, nor seen his approach.

"Well, if it's peace you want, Mira, you'd better get into the tent. I would speak with Ishmael alone."

Fear clutching her heart she said low, but distinctly, "I would rather stay."

"Into the tent I tell you! I can handle him without help from you. Too often have I listened to your soft words, too often heeded the plea in your brown eyes. It has made me weak and soft like a woman."

"But I'll show you tonight! who's master here, whose word is law, whose actions will go unquestioned!" And he struck her a cruel blow, with force enough to send her reeling into the tent.

She made no outcry, but Ishmael, like a young jaguar, sprang at his father in uncontrollable rage. How could he know that the high, unfettered emotions of youth could not successfully cope with the garnered strength of maturity—justifiable as the cause might be, and that he only added fuel to the flames of his mother's tortured soul?

For she had heard Lemuel strike him down with a terrible oath—strike down Ishmael, her unfailing comfort—the only one who knew the depths of her troubled heart.

She heard him being dragged away, with Lemuel muttering oaths, and cruel, vindictive threats—threats that—"He hadn't forgotten how to tie knots, no, Nephi hadn't been gone long enough that he had forgotten how—and they'd hold too. Nephi might burst them, but no mere boy ever could. He'd find out what it was to lie in the burning sun for days, without food, without water—yes it would take days and days to vindicate that blow."

WHEN Lemuel returned to the tent and threw himself down beside her, Mira could have killed him, so intense were the fires of hatred scourging the heart of outraged motherhood. But

there was not a stir—not even the slightest of movement.

Soon Lemuel was breathing heavily from emotional exhaustion and drunken stupor, and Mira knew he would be dead to the world for hours.

She slipped noiselessly from the tent, stooped to pick up Ishmael's bow and arrows, where they had fallen when he had thrown his arms about her in an involuntary gesture of protection, snatched a bag of water from its peg on a tree, and disappeared into the darkness.

"Oh, Father, help me!" She breathed the supplication humbly, fervently, "Help me find my boy."

She went in the direction she had heard them disappear, weaving herself back and forth through the low brush, and calling softly, "Ishmael, Ishmael."

After an interminable agony of time she heard him. "Mother! Is that you? Mother!" She found him in a dry shallow stream bed, lying on hard pebbly stones. His hands and feet were bound with strong cord. Already they were hot and swollen, so thoroughly had Lemuel done the job.

Mira groped about her for a stone, and found a jagged flint, with which she cut the cruel knots. She caressed his tortured limbs gently, soothingly, until the blood began to flow naturally, and the pain abate. She bathed them with water from the bag—and with her tears. She ran her fingers through his hair tenderly, and kissed his brow and cheek and lips. She murmured words to soothe and comfort him, and lifted his head gently to the pillow of her lap.

"Ishmael," Mira murmured gently, "I have come to set you free—not alone to cut the cords that bound your feet and hands, but to sever too the heartstrings that bind my heart to yours. I want you to go now—to your valley of peace and happiness. See, I've brought your bow and arrows, for with them you will not hunger for meat, and the land teems with fruit and wild honey."

"But mother, without you? It is impossible," and Ishmael pressed his mother's cheek closely to his own.

"No, I will stay, you are almost a man now; but there are Seth and Joel, and Dan, Isma and little Joy—they will care for—but my heart, Ishmael, my heart goes with you."

More words and tears and pray-

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ers—and Ishmael was gone, gone into the darkness, to the north.

* * *

IT had been a warm day, but the lengthening shadows of the trees, and the occasional breeze, with a mere suggestion of refreshing coolness, proclaimed it on the wane. And Joseph was glad, for he had been digging all day. But the ore was in the bags now, ready to be taken down the precipitous mountainside to the village in the green and fertile valley below.

"If I am any judge of ore," it was his companion speaking, "this is the best we have found yet."

"Then it is, if you think so, Jacob, for Nephi told me only yesterday that you were getting to be very expert in the judging and handling of ore."

"With Nephi to teach, one would be dull indeed, who couldn't learn," was the humble rejoinder.

The two brothers wended their way down the mountainside, each with a heavy bag of ore, talking congenially, or as congenially being silent.

As they left the heavy timber line, and came out into the open valley, they set their bags down, and wiped the perspiration from their brows. Joseph's fingers moving idly through the rich loamy soil, found a rock which he unconsciously lifted to throw into the sparkling stream nearby. But his hand paused in mid-air, then slowly dropped.

"What is that, Jacob?" he said, his eyes narrowing that their concentrating powers might be intensified.

"I see nothing. What does it look like to you?" Jacob returned.

"I can't quite make out—someone or something—it moves so slowly, so peculiarly. Something is the matter." There was a note of anxiety as well as curiosity in Joseph's tones, as he started to his feet. Jacob followed him, and as they drew nearer, the object staggered, with an effort pushed on, then stumbled and sank helplessly to the ground.

"Heaven help us, Jacob, it is a man, or a boy," and stooping over him added, "and a stranger."

"But Joseph, that is not possible. A stranger, and in this land. That cannot be."

"My eyes have never before beheld him." Joseph's face and voice were filled with gathering fear.

"Jacob, a spy! The Lamanites!"

and he hastily scanned the valley in every direction.

"Calm your fears, Joseph, a spy doesn't come exhausted and ill, unless he is lost. There is no immediate danger. We will take him to the village, to Nephi; he will know and understand."

"We will set guards about." Nephi told them, after he had heard their story. "Perhaps the Lamanites are nearer than we anticipate."

WEAKS passed, but perhaps it was not so much time that lessened their anxiety, as the fact that the young stranger, who had been so critically ill, began to show signs of improvement. At first they could understand no words — just incoherent mutterings. He had been placed in a bed on a vine-covered porch at the east end of the house, and early one morning, as Nephi went to the bedside of the young man, his eyes were moving over the strange scene, and the brightness of the fever had burned out.

He was too weak to show signs of surprise, but his mind was rational. Nephi placed his cool hands soothingly on the brow of the sick lad, and he somehow seemed stronger, and could speak.

"The valley," he murmured low but distinctly, "I've found the valley," and his face lighted up and he smiled faintly.

"Were you looking for a valley?" Nephi inquired gently.

"Yes," was the rejoinder. "A valley of peace—a valley for fields of grain and gardens and flowers."

He looked at Nephi, inquiringly, and for the first time he seemed to sense that a stranger was near. His face saddened as he finished. "But someone else has found it first." He closed his eyes for a brief moment then murmured, "It can't be that I have found them."

"You came alone," suggested Nephi. "Was there no one with you as you hunted for your valley?"

"No one," he murmured and then remembered.

"Mother would have loved to come." His face saddened at the thought of her, and he closed his eyes.

"Your mother is?" Nephi's questioning tone rallied him once more, and he said lovingly, "Mira."

"The wife of Lemuel," finished Nephi, and the boy nodded.

"Go to sleep, my son, and when

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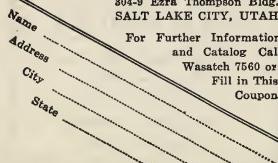
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you wake up you will feel better," and Nephi kneeled at the bedside of Lemuel's son and prayed fervently for his recovery.

As Ishmael grew stronger he recounted to Nephi the story of his wanderings.

"It must have been months since I left my people," he mused. "I have no way of knowing, except that the moon grew full and waned many times. The valleys were so beautiful, but mother was right, I could find no peace and happiness in them alone. And there was always the vague unrest, which urged me on and on. I must have had hope that I would find you for each morning I would think, 'Perhaps it will be today,' but I knew how great were the chances against me."

"Did you pray, Ishmael, for the Lord to guide you?" Nephi questioned kindly.

"I am afraid not," he said candidly.

"We must acknowledge, however, that He did guide you," Nephi continued. "He watches over all His children, and helps those who put themselves in a condition to receive his blessings. He was very good to you."

WHEN Ishmael's story was known among the people, and he was well enough, they came to see him—his childhood playmates, some of whom he could not recognize, they had grown so much—young men and women, like himself.

As he grew stronger, they walked with him, and took him to their homes, and as places and people became familiar, he would go about by himself.

One evening as he was strolling leisurely down the grass-bordered path to the home of Kim, his childhood chum, he saw a young girl turn the corner of a fence nearby. He had not seen her before, and as is the way of youth he began to feel self-conscious and bothered. He glanced at her, shyly, of course, what boy would not, for she was comely of figure, and walked with graceful dignity. As he lifted his eyes to hers in passing he saw they were larkspur blue, under straight black lashes, and that they smiled up at him in familiar playfulness. "Zona!" he stopped short, and put forth his hand eagerly.

"Why Ishmael, it is wonderful to see you again. I thought I never should."

"I thought the same, too. I noticed you didn't come to see me as the others did, to welcome a playmate—a friend."

"Well, when we found out it was you, Kim said he'd wager they couldn't keep me away — so I thought I'd show him."

"At my expense," interrupted Ishmael.

"Kim said you didn't even miss me—didn't inquire once"—and the red lips pouted, but the blue eyes smiled.

"A lot Kim knows about it," the youth replied vigorously.

He glanced down and smiled, and it was then he saw the ring on her finger. She followed his glance and smiled too.

"Yes, it is part of the stone you gave me the morning we left. Nephi mounted it for me last year. He said it was the most perfect stone of its kind he had ever seen—and it was the choicest of your collection, Ishmael."

"A sort of peace offering," he ventured.

"I know," and the girl smiled wistfully, remembering.

"It was audacious of me, wasn't it, telling a boy of your size that there was plenty of water in the creek to wash your dirty hands?"

"I thought so at the time, especially since I got them dirty building a house for you."

They both laughed together and Zona continued. "And as I remember it, you strode defiantly away, and helped Isabel finish hers."

"And didn't wash my dirty hands either."

"No you wouldn't, if it were a girl who made the suggestion."

"Well, I have grown a bit since then, and take my word for it, Zona, since I have seen you again, I think I'm ready to go to work to build another house — under your direction."

"And wouldn't you walk out on the job?" she questioned banteringly.

"I surely would not, for I have no more jewels for peace offerings."

And they walked down the grass bordered path together, their eyes brighter than the glowing sunset.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU said: "What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts."

Continued from
page 145

The Business of Being a Star

process of wearing down a rival line. He was being saved for that moment when victory could be assured by his pigskin toting. He fretted at the delay.

There was new energy in the eleventh that appeared for the second half. Feet that had dragged now answered anew to the thrill of the contest. The U was still confident, and confidence was growing in the hearts of the Whitney players.

White, tingling from a fresh burst of cheering, took his position eagerly. He was on edge to make the first dash toward victory. Even his doubting mind had been convinced by the triumphant note in Coach Ellis' final words.

"You have them beaten!" Coach Ellis had cried, pounding the bench with knotted fists. "Everyone knows it but the U! Let's show them!" And Whitney charged upon the gridiron determined to show them.

White's eyes were riveted on the brown oval that rested on the ground beneath the center's outstretched fingers. Quarterback Lewis was barking out instructions. White listened for his number in the string of almost incoherent numerals, but it failed to come. Lewis, himself, assumed the responsibility of making first down, and his wiry body slipped through the hands of two overanxious tacklers, only to stop abruptly when the U quarterback smacked him. Amid the wild cheers of the Whitney supporters, White just caught the words: "First down and ten to go!"

Quarterback Lewis turned to glance at the three waiting backfield men as he hobbled to his position. A wry expression twisted his lips and White knew that the game general of the Scarlet and Black was hurt. Concealing the pain that racked his body, Lewis plunged into the next play at White's side. The two shot at the U line and Lewis went down beneath the two pairs of shoulders of two tacklers. White sidestepped and took advantage of the narrow hole left by the falling U players. He wriggled and squirmed his way into a solid mass of U flesh before he was stopped.

"Second and seven!" bellowed the Whitney quarterback, as he

rushed to his post. "Come on, gang! Keep it rolling!"

Halfback Kenny hit the massed U team, wavered, and fell back. Not an inch was gained. It was fourth down and four yards to go. Desperately, Quarterback Lewis eyed the grim-lipped fullback.

WENDELL WHITE carefully placed his feet, as he waited for the Scarlet and Black eleven to get set. His lips bore that inscrutable twist that often appears on athletes' lips. He stood with his body bent slightly forward, hands on knees, and saw no one but the center and quarterback. This was to be his attempt to snatch victory. After all, the honor of crossing the U goal line was left to him. It was a star's business.

Eagerly, he edged toward the Whitney quarterback; he saw Lewis' lips begin to move as his signal was voiced. He saw Center King snap the ball perfectly into Lewis' waiting hands, and then the doughty quarterback passed it quickly into his own waiting hands, while the whole crowd of cheering, victory-mad rooters was drowning out every other sound.

For the briefest of intervals, the brown pigskin seemed to squirm in White's clutching hands. It slipped, and he caught it, just as it was about to wriggle free. "A fum-

ble!" roared through his brain. He forgot all else in his horror at the thought, and he tore into the U line, blinded to everything but the disgrace of fumbling on the two-

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foot line. His body struck the waiting shoulder of a U tackler. A dull, numbing pain shot through his thighs; his feet lagged. He felt a crushing weight on his neck, and then he crashed to the ground with what seemed like a million feet pawing and tearing at his jersey. One thing he was certain of: he had the ball now, even though he had made the most glaring fumble of his career.

He had failed! he thought bitterly.

Halfback Parrish bent over him as the last U man scrambled from his body. There was no condem-

nation in his teammate's eyes, but likewise no word of consolation. He grasped the star's right arm and helped him up.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," answered White. "Where's the ball?"

No one deigned to assume the responsibility of answering. They shuffled away as soon as they were certain that he was not hurt. Even the crowd, was strangely silent. White could not help noticing; it was like waking from some beautiful dream. He turned to search the field for the referee.

AT the far side of the gridiron,

he saw the officials placing the ball just inside the goal line. The third quarter was over and it was U's ball on its own two-foot line. The only consolation Whitney's star fullback could gain from the strangely silent crowd and the exhausted Scarlet and Black eleven, was the thought there was still a chance to redeem himself. The fourth quarter was yet to be played.

The fourth quarter opened as could be expected. The U kicked and the ball soared over the heads of the tired players to the very center of the gridiron. And here it remained much of the time. On several instances, White plowed through the opposing team for long gains, but it was useless. The Whitney eleven had lost heart, and what spirit remained, was lukewarm. Their star had failed, and if White could not go through, who could? The quarter ended in a scoreless tie.

Wearily, White picked up his sweater and slipped through the somber-eyed, quiet crowd. Not a voice was lifted to comfort him. He left the field, much as a stranger in a foreign land. They eyed him, but there was nothing comforting, nothing heart-warming, about their glances.

Very slowly the tears welled and began to slide down Wendell White's grim cheeks. His arms and legs quivered from physical and nervous exhaustion; he could not control his voice. An urchin saw the tears in his blinded eyes and clutched his shaking hand to guide him away from the crowd. There was some sort of understanding in the urchin's upturned eyes, and yet he was worried because a full-grown man cried before

all those hundreds of people. He imagined the fullback would feel ashamed if he realized what he was doing, and he clung to the hand that had lately fumbled away victory.

On the edge of the campus, back of the chemistry building, the urchin found a secluded spot. A low, protecting hedge bordered the rear of the campus, and the youngster urged his soul-weary companion to rest. White hung his head, but refused to sit down. Every muscle in his body seemed to quiver violently.

"I don't see how I dropped that ball!" he half-sobbed, trying, in vain, to check the tears. "I had it! I had it in my hands, and it slipped! 'A fumble on the two-foot line! They'll laugh! Some star!'"

HIS eyes shone with tears as he stared down at the serious-faced urchin. Something happened to him when he saw the troubled, wide-eyed features. Here was someone who was trying to understand. Although the urchin could not explain the rivulets of tears, or rather he could not feel the reason for them, he caught at the half-sobbed words. It gave him his first opportunity to bring comfort to the hovering fullback.

"Doncha worry, Whitey!" he said, gripping the long fingers. "It's all right! Doncha worry! A feller can't win the game alone. Believe me, I know you're a star. I wish you could come down to the lot back of the brick yards and coach us a little. I play fullback on the Cougars. If I could only buck the line like you, the All Stars wouldn't have a chance!"

Whitney's crest-fallen star studied the glowing face of the urchin. A warmth came to his fingers where the grimy hand clutched. He blinked savagely at the blur of tears.

"An' that pass the quarter made was punk!" continued the youth, noticing that the fullback's eyes were clearing. "Nobody could have snagged it without losing some time!"

"Don't you think so?" queried White, interested.

"Of course not!" stated the urchin emphatically.

Whitney's star eyed the unsmiling face with growing amusement. The very seriousness of the youngster's words marked them as false.

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All at once, he saw through the Cougar fullback's strategy.

"You little rascal!" he said, grasping the urchin's arm. "Don't you tell another lie like that. Hike for home now, before you're late for supper. I'll drop around Saturday to give the Cougars a few pointers."

But though he realized that what the urchin had told him, in all seriousness, was untrue, his body had ceased its quivering and the depths of his remorse had passed. Slowly, he took off the battered helmet and let the sharp air dry the perspiration. Holding the dirt-covered headgear, he watched the youngster start across the campus and halt. One tiny finger was raised and pointed at a figure on the opposite side of the low hedge.

"Now I guess you'll feel better, Whitey!" he grinned. "There she is."

WENDELL WHITE turned to meet Ruby Chansler as she vaulted the low barrier. The expression on his face was one of indecision. He wondered what her verdict was to be. He waited.

The girl, wearing the scarlet and black sweater buttoned closely about her, approached the silent fullback with an understanding look upon her face. She grasped the jerseyed arm and led him away.

"Well—?" he finally said, when they were nearing Whitney Field.

"I heard, Wendell," she replied quietly. "I saw you slipping away like an unworthy warrior, and I followed. Please forgive me, but I thought you would go off somewhere and take cold without your heavy sweater."

Ruby Chansler paused. The gymnasium was just ahead. Its windows were already dark. The others had gone.

"Wendell," she said, sinking her clenched hands deep in the sweater pockets, "you want my opinion, don't you? I didn't think you would be rude enough to make me state it. It's hard, but the dusk helps some. I think—Wendell—I think—you're a star! Without you, it wouldn't even have been a tie! Now, are you satisfied?"

And, strange to say, Whitney's star was satisfied.

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-let's talk it over

AH, CHRISTMAS!

IT does detract materially from the joyousness of the season to know that there are so many millions in want. I saw last week on some charity children's clothes, which takes away some of the guilt I feel at being so happy and comfortable at least." That note comes from one, a mother, who had just been telling of the joy she had experienced at introducing her own children to Santa Claus. That first question "Am I my brother's keeper?" may sometime be answered for us all.

1 1 1

FROM GRANGER, WYOMING

I HAVE just become a new subscriber for the *Improvement Era*. I will say that it is a wonderful magazine, so satisfying in every way."

—From Mrs. Claude Smith.

1 1 1

FROM WINNEMUCKA, NEVADA

I DID not receive my October *Era*. I do sincerely hope that I am not too late to receive it, because I love to read them and want to keep the magazines. . . . I am taking this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy reading the *Era*. Most of all I like Greatness in Men; I enjoy fiction and let's talk it over. In the November number I like Even Hidden Treasures very much. Most always I start from the front of the magazine and read it straight through. I enjoy all of it. Mr. Parry said he wished there was no writing on the cover because some of them are pretty enough to be framed."

—From Mrs. Carl Parry.

1 1 1

FROM —————

THE *Improvement Era* is wonderful! My father is not a member and is prejudiced in some things, will not read the literature nor discuss it with the missionaries, but he does enjoy the *Era* and reads it from cover to cover, telling me it is fine. Our best wishes are extended for the continued success and popularity of the *Era*."

—From a Young Member.

1 1 1

FROM OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA

OUR October program just thrilled the audience." (That was the program outlined for use in the conjoint meetings in which all of the material was taken from the *Improvement Era*.) "They are hungry for something different from speeches and talks. . . . Our November conjoint meeting was a wonderful meeting and had the largest attendance I have seen out for a long time. Thanks to the program outlined in the *Era*. May I also congratulate you on the splendid magazine for November. We certainly find it a great help in our M. I. A. work."

—From Mrs. Pearl Robertson.

1 1 1

FROM —————

YOU know how a successful writer regards an acceptance which is only an incident, but I wonder if you would be at all interested to know of the reaction of one humble aspirer to an acceptance which stands out as a big event.

"Without detailing the particular brand of trials which have been my portion for the past three years, bad enough from a financial point of view, but worse otherwise, suffice it to say that I had completely forgotten that I had ever hoped to write, and as completely forgotten that I had a manuscript in your possession. One day I sent out a desperate S. O. S., saying in effect: 'Heavenly Father, it is a wonderful

thing to know that You are in Your heaven, but I need help.' I'm afraid I said it in caps. And when, shortly after, the _____ issue of your magazine reached me, with that little _____ so attractively placed and set up, and with nice introductory adjectives, to say nothing of the check that followed, I felt as if I could see the hand of the Lord outstretched to steady me."

1 1 1

FROM IDAHO

THIS is the first year that our home has ever been without the *Improvement Era*, only last year our subscription was for a part of the year only. I miss it more than any reading material we have ever had!"—From a lady who says the conditions this year make a renewal impossible.

1 1 1

FROM SALT LAKE CITY

IN July, 1931, I went to visit some friends, Brother and Sister J. W. Moore, of Bynum, Montana. With my friends we joined the Temple Caravan of the Northwestern States Mission, and made the trip to the Cardston Temple. Eighteen cars left Bynum on the morning of July 14, 1931, people coming from Butte, Anaconda, Cascade, Helena, Deer Lodge, Great Falls, and Bynum. At Cardston we found many Saints from other parts of the Mission. President W. R. Sloan was there with his wife, his seventy-five year old mother, and his sister. We also met President Joseph E. Christensen and Brother Bennett, of Salt Lake City. We spent two days in the Temple; two of the most enjoyed and inspired days of my life. Many faith promoting incidents happened on that trip, the memory of which will remain with me always. . . .

"So I indeed enjoyed your article, "Pilgrims of the Light," by Frank Steele, in the October *Era*."

—From Ada Phillips.

1 1 1

FROM OVERTON, NEVADA

I WAS born in Salt Lake City in the year 1852, hence I know something of the birth of all the Church publications. I remember when the contributor first came out and was a subscriber to it. I well remember when the *Era* was first published; I subscribed for it, and think I have taken it every year since. To me the December number is the finest number published—the Bells of Jerusalem, with the Mount of Olives, The Christ by Hoffman, The Holy Family by Ludwig Krauss, The Cities of Nauvoo and Salt Lake City, in fact the wealth of pictures in it besides the reading matter makes it outstanding in my estimation.

Though I have taken the *Era* from its beginning I think this is the first time I have ever written to the Editor how much I have appreciated having its influence in my home. Many of the children are married and have homes and families of their own; I feel safe in saying that no publication of the church has had a greater influence for good in my family than the *Era*."

—Joseph I. Earl.

1 1 1

THE HANDWRITING CONTEST

THE handwriting contest for women closes on January First. We have some excellent specimens in our files which we shall show to our readers in a coming number of the *Improvement Era*. Watch for our announcement of another photograph contest. A number of pictures submitted in our recent "Why Not Shoot" contest are being run in this issue.

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